OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 159—No. 10

NOVEMBER 4, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

The Failure of Enforcement

Chattanooga, Tenn.

To the Editor:

SIR—I was greatly interested and tremendously impressed with the recent statement of Samuel Vauclain, published in the OUTLOOK, giving his reasons for changing his views on prohibition. In the course of his interview he said: "Prohibition has foisted bad things on the country and a majority of the intelligent people, I believe, feel that it must go. The federal government cannot enforce the Volstead Act. It cannot do so without the aid of the military, and to use the army and navy for such a purpose would bring down upon this country hardships worse than those of Russia."

He might have added, further, that the federal government did not intend to enforce the Volstead Act when it was passed and that it has not attempted in every way possible to effectively enforce it since. This, it seems to me, is one of the most convincing reasons for its repeal that can be offered. The public is learning very fast that the government not only cannot enforce it, but that it has no intention of enforcing it. The government knows that public opinion does not favor the law and that, therefore, it cannot be enforced; but it goes on now with its pretense of enforcement, for purely political reasons. The political clergy have been notifying each of the political parties, and President Hoover in particular, that the political organization repealing or seeking to repeal that vicious law will do so at its peril. So that congressional votes against the repeal are to be held, not because the law is helpful or just, but because support of it may be necessary to partisan success.

Such a condition illustrates the persistence of "bunk" as one of the traits in American character. If manifested in any other cause it would promptly be denounced by the Clarence True Wilsons, the Cannons and the little "sweethearts" who toddle at their heels as being scandalous and destructive of national good faith.

When a government so conducts itself as to convince a people over which it rules that it is insincere with respect to its attitude toward public policies; that it refuses to use the power delegated to it to enforce its own laws because it does not want these laws enforced—that government is rapidly approaching the lowest ebb of political and moral obliquity, and is ready easily to become the victim of "treason, stratagem and spoils"!

L. G. WALKER.

Political Leaders

Shenandoah, Iowa

To the Editor:

SIR—In your issue dated October 14, among other funny statements you assert that "there is now no group of active Republican leaders comparable to Smith, Roosevelt, Baker, Young and Ritchie." If that is the case the Republicans have no cause to wear crepe. If you mean to imply that the five men mentioned are Democratic leaders you are ignorant of the existence of the majority of the Democratic party.

Haven't you Easterners learned that the country has grown a lot since the original thirteen colonies set up government? Not one of the men you name is a national leader or, with the exception of Mr. Baker, capable of becoming one. The Democratic convention of 1924 forever settled the fate of Smith and Roosevelt, as the 1928 election showed, which is a pity as both have many strong qualities; Mr. Baker, whose ability no one questions, has never assumed party responsibility or set himself up as a leader; Governor Ritchie we can dismiss without comment, while as for Owen D. Young, that most persistent aspirant for presidential nomination, until our debunked supermen can think of something better than Mussolini-ism as an alternative for unemployment, any party that sets up one of them as a leader will get nothing but a big laugh.

Just look to the West and South to see what leadership means. There is Senator Thomas Walsh, a dry Democrat piling up bigger and bigger majorities in a wet Republican state, J. Hamilton Lewis, with a majority in Illinois that looks as though his opponents forgot to vote; Edward P. Costigan, marshalling the opposition of the Power Trust in Colorado, and in the South Cordell Hull, Senators Swanson and Glass, Robinson and Caraway, all more fit to be characterized as leaders than the five you name.

Last, but by no means least, is Governor Murray of Oklahoma, whom you call "Alfalfa Bill" and designate a demagogue. You should get wise to this Westerner. A week ago I saw a crowd of 20,000 people gathered in this little town of 6,000 in the grand Republican state of Iowa that hasn't gone Democratic since 1912, stand for two hours in a broiling sun to hear Governor Murray expound his banking theories. He might have talked on any abstract subject so far as the crowd was concerned and they would have accepted his opinion. I don't believe he realizes what a tremendous power he has. People held up children to see him as though he were a saviour come to deliver a nation out of bondage. They stormed his car when it rolled into town, they followed him to his hotel room and grinned to hear him kidding his aides while he kicked off his shoes and curled up on his bed for a rest, they quoted him whether they understood his speech or not, and how they begged for some of the Murray for President buttons which the Omaha Democrats had worn when he spoke there the night before.

Yes, you must get acquainted with Governor Murray, and don't take the newspaper reporters' estimate of him. They have made him out an exhibitionist, almost a clown, when as a matter of fact he is one of the most natural and unassuming of men, never capitalizing his eccentricities. His tall and not ungraceful figure, the kindliness in the keen eyes, the readiness and warmth of his handclasp—these are the qualities that further endear him to those who have known for many years of his honesty, his insight into history, his ability as a constitutional lawyer, his courage and determination and his knowledge of the need of the people, which is jobs—not booze.

You may have your little five—out West we are lining up with "Alfalfa Bill."

FLORENCE KEMP.

Silver Lining

La Pryor, Texas

To the Editor:

SIR—I have seen so many instances where readers have called your attention to your erroneous and superficial opinions that I continue to read the OUTLOOK solely to be in a position to know what is superficial and erroneous.

W. D. CORNETT, JR.

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Next Week

Borah Tells the World

By a Washington Correspondent

What the Senator from Idaho told M. Laval's party of French journalists startled both Europe and America. This article tells how and why Borah seemingly does the unexpected and the dramatic.

What Happened to Wheat?

By Robert H. Moulton

In 1929 wheat went to $1.56 and $2.00 seemed a probability, and then the bottom dropped and recently wheat sold in Chicago at 45 cents. This article analyzes the cause of this drop and points out signs indicating that the worst is over.

T. R. Defies the Coal Barons

Continuing Roosevelt: a Serial Biography

By Henry F. Pringle

By Herculean and extra-legal efforts, Roosevelt cut short the anthracite coal strike of 1902, forcing the "coal barons" to agree to arbitration. This installment tells of his forceful efforts. He was even ready to use the army in mining coal.

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"SEE, WE'RE JUST TURNING THE CORNER!"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

Trend of the Week

One Who Missed

In his October 23 address before the American Iron and Steel Institute, Charles M. Schwab declared that he was "greatly encouraged" by business conditions and added: "Our house is in order. The financial world is straightening itself out. Industry has gotten its second wind. . . . Face the difficulties, but with courage, confidence and the knowledge that we are on the upward path."

One can but hope that Mr. Schwab is right, and that we are indeed on the upward path. But one cannot take it for granted. For Mr. Schwab is one of the prophets who missed, and missed in plain sight of all the country. In the closing weeks of 1929, when business was entering the worst of all depression, Mr. Schwab announced that the steel industry has never enjoyed "greater stability or a more promising outlook." Business in the United States, he said, "is going to grow just as surely and just as fast in the future as it ever did in the past." He declared that "the speculative era in Wall Street, in which stocks have crashed, means nothing to the welfare of business." It was his opinion that "the stock market cannot stop or stem the prosperity that extends throughout this great country of ours." "Wealth," he said, "is founded in the industries of the nation, and while they are sound stocks may go up and stocks may go down, but the nation will prosper."

To be sure, many other mighty Caseys struck out similarly back there in 1929 and Mr. Schwab's misery will have no lack of consoling company. Nor should any critic single him out from the many other business leaders who failed as badly as he did. On the other hand, no one who remembers their misses of 1929 can be expected to rejoice over their guesses of 1931. The pessimism of the country has undoubtedly reached absurd extremes. But it can only be dispelled by facts and by solidly substantiated arguments. It will not be dispelled by cheery predictions from prophets who saw Paradise ahead of us in 1929 and not the Purgatory we are all enduring now.

Silly Cyprus

What right has Cyprus, the little island off the coast of Syria, to stage a revolt? The right of self-determination, say the Cypriotes, yearning to unite with Greece rather than to continue as a crown colony of the British Empire. So they lifted a fiery cross on October 22, sacked the British governor's house at Nicosia and, by the next night, found themselves helpless before British troops.

It serves them right. They should have known that they lacked the guns to make a strong intellectual argument for self-determination and lacked the population—theirs is but 1-1000th of India's—to illustrate such an argument effectively with a boycott and with passive resistance. Besides, whoever heard of a country staging a revolt in the 1930's, except, of course, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Cuba, Guatemala, Panama, Nicaragua, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Honduras, China and the Dominican Republic?

The Borah Interview

The most striking development in Premier Laval's interview with President Hoover was the newspaper reporters' October 23 interview with Senator Borah. The questions of the reporters and the answers of Senator Borah—4,500 words, all told—made good newspaper copy and created a bit of a sensation in Paris and Washington. But let us see what the interview actually amounted to.

The Senator's most pertinent statement was that he favored absolute cancellation of the debts owed to the United States by our war associates and of the reparations owed to them by Germany. (Next day, however, he apparently made cancellation dependent upon Europe's reduction of armaments and revision of the Versailles treaty.) But in any case Mr. Borah, of course, cannot cancel these debts. Nor can he negotiate a treaty for their cancellation with foreign governments. That is a job for Mr. Hoover. Or rather, it might be if cancellation were possible, as it decidedly isn't. The notion that the Senate can be made to approve cancellation of all war debts owed to this country is fantastic. The most Mr. Hoover can be expected to work for is downward revision of the debts—that is, partial cancellation—and the most Senator Borah can do is to influence public opinion and the votes of other Senators in favor of this course. Doubtless he will do so if given the opportunity. Apparently, then, the significance of Mr. Borah's statement on cancellation is that if Mr. Hoover proposes downward revision he may have an influential supporter in Senator Borah instead of an influential opponent.

Aside from this there is little of moment in the Borah interview. The Sena-

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tor sees no gain in extending the Hoover moratorium, but he does not say that he would oppose such extension. He expects France to determine how far she can afford to reduce her armaments, but so does everyone else. He opposes any political agreement to meet the French demand for security, but there is no such agreement in sight. Finally, he believes that certain boundaries established by the Versailles treaty should be made over, but what an American Senator thinks of a European boundary is of little moment to any one. Interesting news the unburdening of Borah certainly was. Important news it was not.

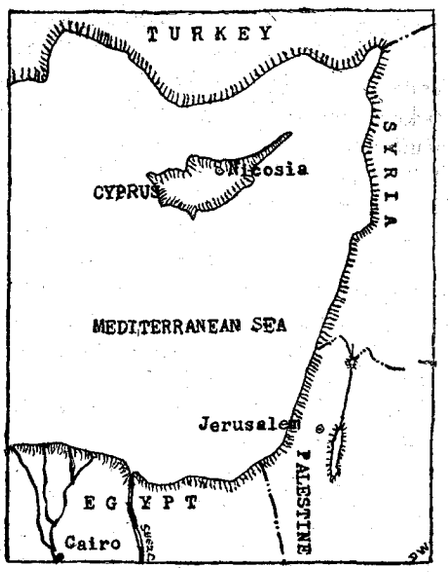
▸▸*Junior League Poll*

MRS. CHARLES H. SABIN, chairman of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, does not exaggerate when she says that the returns in the Junior League prohibition poll represent "one of the most telling blows which prohibition has received from women." The poll was sent out, by the *Junior League Magazine*, to 22,108 members of the Association of Junior Leagues of America. There have been 8,418 replies. Of these, 2,438 favor repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; 2,168 favor modification of the Volstead act; 3,415 favor either modification or repeal. Only 397, or about one-twentieth of all, favor the dry laws as they stand.

Now it is pointless to say, as some will say, that this is the voice of the "idle rich." The Junior League member may, indeed, be the daughter of the president of the First National Bank; but she may also be the daughter of plain Dr. John Smith of Middletown. She and her associates do, however, set the social and intellectual pace for the young women of the community. What she does they do, or aspire to do, and what she thinks they are very apt to think. Individually, she may be unimportant, but collectively she reflects, and to no small extent determines, the customs and opinions of the most conservative and substantial families in town. It is this thought, and the thought that a law which is overwhelmingly opposed by such families has precious little chance of being enforced, which will worry and annoy our prohibitionist friends who note that the Junior Leaguers are casting emphatic votes against Volsteadism.

Keystone

GUESSES AGAIN
Charles M. Schwab, another of the prophets without accuracy



IN THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN
Map shows location of Cyprus, scene of revolt against British rule

▸▸*League Test Continues*

Two weeks ago we pointed out that Japan's invasion of Chinese territory had confronted the League of Nations with the most severe test of its existence. What the outcome will be is not yet apparent. Since the subject was last discussed in these columns, the Council of the League, by a vote of thirteen to one—Japan, of course, dissenting—has passed a resolution calling for the withdrawal of Japanese troops from Chinese territory by November 16. So doing, it has definitely committed itself on the merits of the Japanese invasion, finding Japan in the wrong. Asking Japan to withdraw her troops from Chinese territory, it has said in effect that they have no right to be there.

If they are withdrawn by November 16, the League will receive credit for a considerable victory and its prestige will be greatly increased. If they are not withdrawn, the League will not necessarily have failed. It can then take more drastic steps. If it chooses, it can even go to the extreme of requesting its members to institute an anti-Japanese boycott, though it would follow this course only with the greatest reluctance. Whatever it does, however, it is of the first importance that the League prove itself equal to the emergency in the Orient. If it does not, it will have demonstrated that even the League, the strongest of all peace instruments, is too weak for practical purposes. Hence, the whole arms-reduction project will go to pieces and nations will tend to rely even more on their gunpowder and even less on international treaties for their security.

At this writing Japan is pointing out that, since the Council did not vote unanimously on the resolution for the withdrawal of her troops, it is merely a recommendation and has no binding force. Technically correct, the objection is nevertheless as unimpressive as Japan's current effort to justify her military operations in Manchuria by stressing China's unwillingness to observe certain treaty rights. The fact is, however, that this point quite fails to excuse Japan's violation of the League Covenant, under which she agreed to submit any dispute with another League member, like China, to arbitration or to investigation by the League Council, and not to resort to war until three months after the arbitrators' award or the Council's report. Like the innumerable other Japanese excuses which have preceded it, this one simply will not do.

▸▸*Fieser vs. Hoover*

PRESIDENT HOOVER should speak sharply to James L. Fieser, acting chairman of the Red Cross. Mr. Fieser is gumming everything up, evidently because he failed to read Mr. Hoover's letter to Surgeon General Cumming of the Public Health Service on August 13 and Mr. Hoover's message to the public on August 21. If he had not been guilty of this embarrassing oversight, he could not say the things he does. He could not say that "Reports reaching the Red Cross indicate that a serious health problem may face the nation for several years to come as a result of curtailed diets, inability to pay for medical and hospital expenses and withdrawal of funds for local health work."

If Mr. Fieser had read the President's letter and message he would have known, first, that the public health has

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been simply swell; in fact that, to use Mr. Hoover's own words, "The general mortality, the infant mortality, the sickness in the country was less in the winter of 1931 than in the winters of full employment of 1928 and 1929." He would also have known that Mr. Hoover regards the public health as an accurate index to the efficacy of relief work; that, to use Mr. Hoover's own words again, "The final test of success or failure in efforts to meet physical distress is in the relative volume of sickness or death."

Mr. Fieser has thrown two monkey-wrenches into Mr. Hoover's machinery. In the first place he has unintentionally but flatly denied Mr. Hoover's cheerful assumption that the public health is fine and dandy. In the second place, he has questioned the value of the relief work headed by Mr. Hoover. For if the public health indicates the success of relief work, as Mr. Hoover says, and if the public health threatens to become bad enough to create a serious and long-lasting national problem, then it follows that relief work threatens to prove grossly inadequate. If Mr. Fieser is right, Mr. Hoover is wrong.

The more you think of it, the more you think that Mr. Hoover should give Mr. Fieser a good talking to. Or that Mr. Fieser should give Mr. Hoover a good talking to. One or the other.

▶▶*Capone Sentenced*

IT WOULD be easy enough to describe the sentencing of Al Capone to eleven years in jail as a great and flawless victory for law and order, and thereupon dismiss it from mind. As a matter of fact, however, the Capone case hardly represents that swift and certain justice commonly supposed to be essential to adequate law enforcement. No less than three years went into its preparation, with the federal agents guarding their chief witness like a mint. Even when Capone was indicted, the prosecution deemed it wise to send this witness to South America until the opening of the trial. Moreover, when Capone was finally convicted, it was on only five of the twenty-three counts in the indictment—a verdict so unsatisfactory that the United States Attorney called it "inconsistent." Now, at the time of this writing, attempts are being made to appeal the case to higher courts.

Capone may not have the luck of his brother Ralph, who, convicted in an income tax case in April, 1930, is still at liberty. He has not had the luck of Jack Guzik, another henchman also still at liberty, who received but half as long a sentence for essentially the same offense. Capone, in fact, has received the longest sentence given to any underworldling for evading income taxes. But be it noted that he has been sentenced for evading income taxes and for nothing else. That alone will make cheers over this victory for law enforcement sound a little bit hollow.

▶▶*To the Lady*

A TOAST to Mlle. José Laval. She brightened news colums and rotogravure sections. She brought vivacity and festivity to a stale and worried Washington. If the French Premier's visit to America escaped dullness, we have Laval *fille to* thank for it and not Laval *père*.

Mlle. Laval is nineteen. She is olive-skinned and smart. Her smile photographs charmingly, and so do her Paris clothes. As a visitor she was as far ahead of Princess Ileana and Ishbel MacDonald as her clothes were ahead of the current American mode. She is the prom type, born for orchids and evening wraps. She is athletic, but not very. She dresses in blue, usually, to please her father. She orders his meals for him and helps him with his speeches, but not very much. She prefers parties to politics, gold slippers to the gold standard. She was more interested in meeting American men than in solving American problems. She wanted to see, not welfare work, but a football game. When an engagement with newsreel photographers or something cheated her out of her football game, she cried. She prepared for her trip by reading Sinclair Lewis and Paul Morand's *New York*. She does not want a career.

She is the American man's ideal *Parisienne* because of her gaiety and her trim ankles. She is the American woman's ideal *Parisienne* because she wears a new ensemble for every occasion. Wherever she goes, women envy her and men decide to send her flowers. She made the whole gloomy and perplexing business of the Laval visit a stimulant.

▶▶*Rail Plan Rejected*

CONTRARY to the general belief, the Interstate Commerce Commission did not reject the railroads' application for a fifteen per cent increase in freight rates because it thought they were demanding too much. The Commission recognizes that the plight of the railroads is desperate. It declares that they suffer more severely from the depression than any other group except the iron and steel industry. It admits that the injury has been aggravated by a general awakening to competition from other means of transportation and by the publicity attendant upon projected legislation for the railroads' benefit. "The final result," the Commission declares, "is that the situation now has in it the element of panic." But the question, it says, "is whether a fifteen per cent increase in freight rates is an effective, reasonable and lawful way to meet the situation."

The Commission does not believe that the railroads are being too greedy. It believes that they are asking for medicine that would do them harm. Granting that the preservation of railway credit is essential to an adequate national system of transportation, it nevertheless concludes that the suggested fifteen per cent increase in all freight rates "would increase revenues, if at all, only temporarily, and that its ultimate effect, not very long postponed, would be to harm rather than help the railroads." The conclusion is based on proof that the freight rates now constitute a greater relative burden on in-

M. ET MLLE.
Our recent guests, Premier Pierre Laval of France and his daughter, José

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dustry than ever before, on evidence that, such being the case, the raising of rates in many localities might not increase but decrease revenues by discouraging shipping, and on far-sighted reasoning that increased rates would imperil the railroads by stimulating the competition of buses, trucks and pipe lines, by alienating public support without which necessary railway legislation cannot be enacted and by disturbing business conditions and accelerating the localization of production.

In short, the railroads' objective—additional revenues—is approved, but the means they suggest for reaching it is suspect—especially since they withheld from the hearings before Commission what the Commission considers the best available information on the effects of a flat increase—"namely, the information of their traffic departments." It will be hard for the layman to escape the conclusion that the Commission's decision is sound.

▸▸*Substitute Proposed*

THE EXTENT and seriousness of the railway emergency may be judged by two facts: First, that the Interstate Commerce Commission, having rejected the plan of the railroads, did not let it go at that and, secondly, that the Commission, having decided to advance a plan of its own, advanced one which embodies a startling principle. This principle, in a nutshell, is that strong roads must help weak ones.

Because a general rate increase is not to the best interest of either carriers or shippers it does not follow, the Commission says, that no increase in rates should be made at this time. There are certain types of freight which can bear higher rates and on them yield additional revenues. The Commission specifies the types and suggests the proper increases. But it also points to the fact that, while the resulting revenues would help carriers now in need, they would also help carriers not in need, hence that "they would not afford aid in maintaining an adequate transportation system for the country in proportion to the burden imposed on the public." So the Commission not only proposes that additional revenues accruing to the strong roads from increased rates be pooled for distribution among the weak ones, but also makes the granting of the increases conditional upon the formulation by the railroads—subject to the Commission's approval, of course—of a plan to that end.

The distribution among the weak roads of the funds of the strong is hardly a principle to be recommended for normal times, since it tends to favor bad management at the expense of good. But these are not normal times, least of all for the railroads. Their grave situation dictates that the Commission's temporary emergency measure be awarded a trial. Fortunately, a disposition to give it a fair hearing was shown at the Atlantic City convention of the Association of Railway Executives. To balk at it because for normal times it is dubious in principle might be to court disaster. To try it would at least be to seize upon one means of bettering railway credit, which is, after all, the main objective of railroads and the Commission alike. If the Commission's suggestions prove inadequate it will not be impossible to mend and extend them.

▸▸*Bulkley Bank Plan*

WHEN Mr. Hoover proposed revision of the Federal Reserve laws as one of the five points in his bank relief plan, he could have expected opposition from Senator Glass. A zealous defender as well as a founder of the Federal Reserve System, Mr. Glass looked askance at Mr. Hoover's proposal that Congress permit the system's member banks to borrow from the twelve central Federal Reserve Banks on collateral now ineligible for such use. This would debase the Federal Reserve System, Mr. Glass wrote to Senator Bulkley of Ohio, who, agreeing, answered with a substitute proposal to Mr. Glass' liking.

What Mr. Bulkley proposes is, in a phrase, hands-off the Federal Reserve System and full-steam-ahead with the twelve Federal Land Banks. Set up in 1916, originally financed and still controlled by the federal government, these banks now provide long-term loans to farmers joined into farm associations and sell bonds based on farm mortgages for more money to lend to farmers. As a second point in his bank program, Mr. Hoover proposed that Congress subscribe additional capital stock in the Federal Land Banks so that more credit may be available for farmers. But Mr. Bulkley's proposal goes much further. He would allow these banks, "for the sole purpose of meeting a present emergency," to purchase or rediscount loans made on real estate, whether agricultural or ur-

Keystone

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

Left to right, sitting, Joseph B. Eastman, Balthasar H. Meyer, Frank McManamy, chairman, Clyde B. Aitchison and Ernest I. Lewis; standing, William E. Lee, Claude R. Porter, Thomas F. Woodlock, Ezra Brainerd, Jr., Patrick J. Farrell and Hugh M. Tate

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ban, and even loans based on stocks and bonds. To finance these operations he would have the government invest in the land banks to the point, if necessary, of two billion dollars or even more.

Needless to say, the Bulkley proposal, as he says, goes a long way to avoid setting "the precedent of tampering with the principles on which the Federal Reserve act is based." In this early stage, his proposal, as yet inadequately scrutinized, is chiefly interesting as a revelation of how the wind blows. By the time Congress meets the Bulkley proposal will doubtless be but one in many. We trust that the others will come from equally sane and responsible sources. We fear, however, that they will not.

The Puzzle of Spain

AMERICANS are finding it increasingly difficult to fit the various bits of the Spanish puzzle into a rational whole. The number of pieces increases each week. Most of them are the product of the Cortes, or national assembly, which is industriously striking off a new Constitution for the new republic. Late in October the Cortes drafted charges of high treason against the exiled King Alfonso and granted dictatorial powers to the provisional government—ostensibly to safeguard the republic from threats of religious war, syndicalism and the shut-down movements of industrialists. The week before it disestablished the Catholic church and elected an anti-clerical, Don Manuel Azana, to replace Zamora as President. Soon more may be heard about the move of the Catalonia provinces for political autonomy; already there are intimations that no Spanish ambassador will be acceptable at the Vatican City.

It is, in truth, a complicated puzzle, not readily to be solved without the key. The key is Socialism. Spain is creating a socialized as well as a representative and democratic republic. As Frank L. Kluckholm writes from Madrid to the New York *Times*, "what at first glance appeared to be a picturesque overthrow of a Bourbon king, without shooting and the usual noisy accompaniment, was basic and epic revolution. In the new Spanish State the base work has been laid for nationalization of essential industries and land reforms that include such advanced doctrines as collectivized farming. Education is made a completely civil function, with the idea of gradually training the entire nation in the most modern way, which, in line with the current thought here, means to the Left."

In the large, then, Spain is clearing ground for an important and radical experiment in government, which may prove to be only a little less interesting than Russia's. Recognition of this fact will make the news from Madrid more intelligible.

Remarkable Remarks

The direct results of prohibition in the United States have been eminently successful in every way.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 East 1st North St., Provo, Utah, $5 prize.

Prohibition has done more to clean up the politics of this country than anything in the past century.—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

Chauncey W. Smith, Box G., Eureka, Nev., $2 prize.

When they're prejudiced against you, you've got no chance, even when you've got good lawyers.—AL CAPONE.

Mrs. F. T. Frasch, 55 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

The depression is a wholesome thing in general.—HENRY FORD.

Everett N. Basch, 265 Osborne Terrace, Newark, N. J., $2 prize.

Being broke is one of the stepping-stones to success.—ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Mrs. O. B. Hall, 624 B St., Rock Springs, Wyoming, $2 prize.

There is good in our depression. It is purifying sports in minor colleges.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

J. Philip Howard, Hubbardston, Mass., $2 prize.

Keeping fifteen men busy repairing my farm buildings is harder work than being President of the United States.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

I can't go to movies . . . . I can't dance . . . . I can't attend a night club . . . . I can't gamble . . . . I can't go swimming Hang it all, I can't do anything. Not just yet. But wait. In two more years I'll be through with baseball. Then I'm going to break loose—wide open.—BABE RUTH.

F. T. Raiford, P. O. Box 611, Selma, Alabama, $2 prize.

A man is something a woman cannot be happy without, even though she is miserable with him.—DOROTHY DIX.

J. J. Bruehlman, Republic, Ohio, $2 prize.

Love is the greatest thing in life.—PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Missouri, $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 320

True-False Test

THE following statements were made by President Hoover in his October 25 radio address to the Methodist Ecumenical Congress in Atlanta. Cross out those which you consider so obviously true as not to be worth making at all:

1. Your conference meets at a time of universal but temporary difficulties.
2. No country represented in your body is exempt from conditions that are trying and difficult.
3. Unemployment walks before you as something much more real than a spectre.
4. It presents not simply an economic difficulty but an acute problem for human beings.
5. I am sure you have been sobered by the state of the world.
6. Governments are tested at last by their attitudes to the welfare of men and women.
7. The age in which we live has seen marvelous material achievements, and we cannot tell what new victories and discoveries lie just ahead of us.
8. The kinds of evil now rampant in all lands are not alone a menace to government.
9. All crimes are crimes against human interest and welfare.
10. The nations groan under taxation.

What, you crossed them all out, too? Well, well, well.

In the Glooming

IT IS TIME to say that most of the prophets of gloom now roaming and moaning through the world are even less persuasive than the Happiness Boys of the late lamented New Economics Era. Early this year Dr. Oswald

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Spengler announced with lugubrious satisfaction that "the progress theory of the Nineteenth Century is buried" and that "All that is left to us is to hold on, struggle on and not resign in view of the sad future." Some time later Dean Inge of London declared that "civilization contains within itself the seeds of its own dissolution and irreparable disaster is by no means impossible." In the middle of October H. G. Wells, arriving in the United States, remarked that "an absolute collapse of [modern civilization] is not only possible—it is probable." Before the month was up another distinguished British author, Bertrand Russell, had landed in New York declaring that "the situation in Europe is extremely grave, more grave than at any period since the war. It is by no means certain that measures can be found to improve it. Moreover, the danger of war exists in many quarters. The capitalistic system is failing, under pressure."

Dire-sounding statements of this sort have been as common as cucumbers during the past twelve months of the depression. Scarcely a day passes without new blood-chillers to the effect that capitalism and civilization are both on their last legs in the United States and throughout the world. We, for one, are growing tired of it. We do not believe that capitalism and civilization are nearing the brink of the grave, nor do we think there is any convincing evidence to that effect. In fact, we are willing to bet a ten-dollar gold piece against a discarded scrap of cellophane that they aren't doing anything of the sort and that they will still be going strong when the gloom-spreaders are not . . . . As for Sir James Jeans' prediction that the entire universe will come to an end 10,000,000,000,000 years from now—well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

▶▶*Issue in the Making*

It is interesting to watch the development of the administration peace—and—arms—reduction issue. Unless we are badly mistaken, Mr. Hoover will make much of this issue in his next campaign for president. At least four times between October 10 and October 27, Navy Day, Mr. Hoover came forward as the champion of decreased armament and increased international brotherhood. "You realize as well as I the favorable attitude of the President on the limitation of world armaments," he said to delegates of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom on October 10. On October 25, in the statement issued with Premier Laval, he said: "It is our joint purpose that the conference for limitation of armament [to meet at Geneva on February 2] will not fail to take advantage of the great opportunity which presents itself." Then, in his radio address to the Methodist Congress at Atlanta on the same day, he said it seems "strange and incredible after all the centuries of man's experience with war we still have to discuss it and argue about it." Finally, in his Navy Day statement, he said that our problem is "to strive for lower armament throughout the whole world" and to "promote good will among nations."

Keystone

MELANCHOLIC
H. G. Wells, who fears for the future of modern civilization

Now peace and arms reduction are, as Calvin Coolidge would say, good things. It is hard to escape the conclusion, however, that Mr. Hoover is advocating them more by word rather than by deed. Though he has been verbally keen for arms reduction dozens of times, he has taken but one important practical step to achieve it. We refer, of course, to the decision of his Secretary of State to cooperate with the League of Nations in an effort to prove that existing peace machinery is strong enough to prevent war in Manchuria. Further than this he will not go. He will have no traffic with a consultation pact or other political agreement to satisfy the European desire for security, though unless he is prepared to make concession on this point the dream of peace and arms reduction is likely to remain a dream. From a purely political standpoint, though, this may matter very little. Strangely enough, many good people seem quite content if only their government pays ardent lip service to disarmament without doing much of anything about it.

▶▶*Taxing Chain Stores*

The Supreme Court decision upholding the constitutionality of North Carolina's special tax on chain stores can hardly be termed unimportant on the score that it merely duplicates the decision last spring sustaining such a tax by Indiana. The Indiana chain store tax was upheld by a vote of five to four. While this decision may have encouraged other states to tax chain store systems, the majority of one may have stimulated hopes that the Supreme Court would reverse itself, as it occasionally does. But the division in the North Carolina case is seven to two, Associate Justices Van Devanter and Sutherland voting for the North Carolina tax on the ground that the decision in the Indiana case should rule, though at the time they had opposed it. Thus, the states are not only doubly encouraged to tax chain store systems, but practically guaranteed against an early reversal on the Supreme Court bench.

The North Carolina levy indicates the tendency of legislators to meet the demand of aggressive minority. In this case the minority is composed of one-store merchants. While it places no levy on single stores, North Carolina imposes an annual assessment of $50.00 on each store in a chain operated by a single individual or company. Fortunately, an assessment of that size does not threaten the existence of the chain stores even in that state. Unfortunately, however, these taxes on chain stores may eventually be increased to burdensome proportions. Such an eventuality would be opposed by those who recognize that the chain store system at least comprises a notable development in an efficient distribution, which should be extended rather than quashed.

▶▶*In Brief*

Picture of a United States Senator scaling the peak of Paradise: Mr. Borah of Idaho grants an interview to forty American and foreign reporters at once . . . . Strange how the Japanese government seems to create its alibis with such keen interest in their quantity and such complete indifference to their quality . . . . There is now no more to be said about our present era of lawlessness. It has all been said in six words of a newspaper headline, reading: "Cracksmen Rob Admiral's Safe on Battleship."

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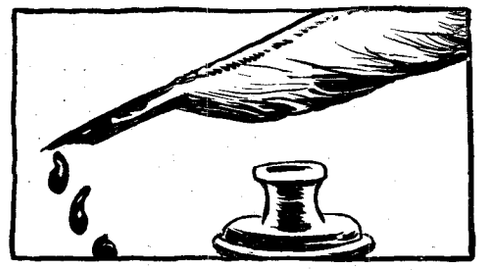
Confusion Worse Confounded



Now that M. Laval is safely on his way home and the great conference to "expedite recovery from the world economic depression" is over, probably nine out of ten Americans will admit that they never did know what Mr. Hoover and M. Laval were going to say to each other. Nor, at the present moment, despite the columns and columns of interpretations, explanations, inside stories and editorials printed on the subject in the newspapers, does it look as if they ever will know. In a year of loudly trumpeted political and economic schemes, the Laval-Hoover "rehabilitation" scheme has proved the greatest disappointment of all. Instead of clarifying the minds of the voters on the subjects discussed, the recent "joint statement" issued in Washington has proved susceptible of a dozen different interpretations, and at the present writing bids fair to defeat the end it was designed to achieve. "Frank discussion" of public problems has resulted in the most confusing problem of them all. The public, after having been assailed with thousands of words of explanation, is more in the dark than ever.

WHAT makes us think so? Well, take opinion in France first. Apparently part of the French press forgets that any world rehabilitation scheme was supposed to emerge, and hails the agreement as having preserved intact the French "security" thesis; as having supported the French position in regard to the Young plan and its machinery; and, lastly, as having successfully staved off any real revision of the war debts. The rest of the French press views the whole affair as purely psychological. England, on the other hand, seems unable to see anything in this and merely deplores the lack of any clear-cut scheme to pull the world out of its economic troubles. In common with German opinion, Londoners hail Mr. Borah's remarks for revision of the Versailles treaty as the most important outcome of the conversations to which he unfortunately was not a party. Our own newspaper editors seem even more confused, mainly because they are reduced to the use of such speculative terms as "probable," "hope" and "must have" in their discussion of the subject. Even a cursory survey makes it clear that the conversations, instead of producing a scheme to rehabilitate the world, have produced confusion instead. In fact, instead of confidence, a new uneasiness has been produced; a sense of forces little understood being handled between two men in a personal and mysterious manner, instead of open, plain, diplomatic notes which every one could read and at least use as a basis for understanding of the public events they foreshadowed.

IT IS probable that no scheme to rehabilitate the world can be manufactured by any two statesmen, no matter how lengthy the conversations. But it is clear that what the nations of the world need at the present time is a clear statement by their leaders of the problems confronting them, a clear recognition of the fundamental necessities of each nation from its own point of view and a compromise solution which will temporarily serve as a political *status quo* upon which to stage economic recovery for all concerned. It is not enough in these days that the leaders of the nations shall clarify world problems for each other. To be content merely to do so and then to rest there is to defeat the ends which the leaders themselves have in view. Because nothing can be accomplished by statesmen unless public opinion is strong enough to stand behind them in what they do.

RECENT events have demonstrated that our own Administration—to say nothing of the French themselves—has not been overburdened by wisdom, in understanding, gauging or devising curative measures for the depression. Why, then, should the public be expected to repose a blind confidence in men who have not yet proved themselves? The truth is that Mr. Hoover has almost a fatal gift for obscuring facts and for confusing problems, and no gift at all for clarifying matters and stating his conclusions in a simple way. His fatal gift was all too present in the document put forth at the end of M. Laval's visit. The real meat of the agreement lies in one paragraph, namely:

"In so far as intergovernmental obligations are concerned, we recognize that prior to the expiration of the Hoover year of postponement some agreement regarding them may be necessary covering the period of business depression, as to the terms and conditions of which the two governments make all reservations. The initiative in this matter should be taken at an early date by the European powers principally concerned within the framework of the agreements existing prior to July 1, 1931."

In other words, no more Hoover moratoriums without consultation with the French; but instead, French leadership upon this question, which means merely a resurveying, under the Young plan, of Germany's capacity to pay. Add to this an agreement to maintain the gold standard, and a pious hope that the 1932 conference on arms limitations will not fail to take advantage of its great opportunity—and you have it all. Considering the advance trumpeting, and viewed in the light of a "world rehabilitation" scheme, this looks like pretty small potatoes.

WHAT, then, of its effect? Well, viewed solely as diplomacy, obviously the honors go to the French. M. Laval yielded not at all on the French demand for political guarantees and "consultative pacts" before arms limitations. He yielded not at all on the question of overhauling the Versailles treaty, but instead got its sanctions validated once more. Agreeing with us on the subject of the gold standard, he was content to pound home the well-known French point of view and yield nothing—with the result that there was no substantial agreement reached.

Since this is the case, it strikes us that he would have done better to have stayed home and merely sent Mr. Hoover a note clearly stating the French point of view so that all America would have understood it. As it is now, except possibly for Mr. Hoover and M. Laval themselves, confusion is worse confounded; and meanwhile, to borrow Mussolini's phrase, "the tragic bookkeeping" goes on precisely as it did before M. Laval landed on our shores.

THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BORAH OF IDAHO, we note, has been damned up and down the land by editorial writers for what they choose to call his bad manners and boorish diplomacy in discussing international realities at the moment when President Hoover and Premier Laval were holding their conversations. Unfortunately, these solemn gentlemen who comment on Washington's policies and personalities from a window hundreds of miles away were not acquainted, as usual, with the facts surrounding "l'affaire Borah." We refer particularly to a bruising editorial in the New York *Times*, written in such haste and heat, apparently, that there was not sufficient time to put it on the early-to-bed editorial page. There have been numerous others, all bearing evidence of the same lack of thought, and surely of knowledge of the facts, but the *Times*, in its ponderous fashion, came down hardest of all. In the mind of the writer, Senator Borah committed an unpardonable breach of etiquette, embarrassing both Mr. Hoover and M. Laval.

We dislike to disappoint the remote critics and controllers of our domestic destinies, but Mr. Borah, far from being the villain, was, rather, one of the heroes of the piece, the others being President Hoover, M'sieu Laval and Secretary Stimson. The very fact that the President and the Premier, although each approached their conferences with fear and feverishness, came to an accord they had not dreamed possible, is sufficient answer to those who so bitterly assail the Senator. We also happen to know that Borah was, perhaps, the man Laval liked best of those he met in Washington, and that the Senator's stiff-necked attitude toward France has been softened as a result of his personal talk with the short, swarthy, cigarette-puffing peasant from Auvergne. Ever a dreamer, Borah is our foremost realist in the field of international affairs, and the shrewd, practical, almost hard-boiled Laval is a realist always; and, what is more, a French realist. He is the Zola of continental politics. The two men instantly liked each other, and quite as important as the *entente cordiale* between the President and the Premier, is the sympathetic feeling which existed between Borah and Laval when they parted.

In addition to these after-the-fact observations, there are several other considerations. France had one rather bitter experience with an American President, and an equally unfortunate one with the American Senate. M'sieu Laval, as well as his journalistic travellers, recalled that it was the Senate, and largely Mr. Borah, who prevented ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and the League Covenant. They learned then that an American President cannot speak for the United States, and they made good use of their memories during their recent visit. Before he left Paris M'sieu Laval expressed a desire to see Mr. Borah, and to obtain the Idahoan's real opinion of the Franco-American situation, as well as of the European mess in general. We are informed that he let Mr. Stimson know of his desire, and that the Secretary of State had some part in arranging that they should meet. Again, at the White House conference, M'sieu Laval asked for a talk with the Senator, and the latter replied: "*Je suis a votre service, M'sieu Premier.*"

Sykes in N. Y. Evening Post

"Hm-mm! For Personal Use Only, Let's Hope!"

The French correspondents, likewise, wanted to interview the great man who had killed the Treaty and Covenant, and whose word and influence abroad are second only to the President's. Here again, we are informed, Mr. Stimson helped to oblige, although he did not, perhaps, deliberately set the stage for the subsequent frank and caustic comment voiced by the Senator. Indeed, the latter would not have expressed himself so forcefully had not the foreign correspondents demanded it. The Senator asked them several times if they wanted his real views, and their eagerness for the lowdown was boyishly pathetic. Their handling of Borah's remarks, most newspapermen here think, was unfair and inaccurate. So was their frantic rush to obtain comment from their Premier, who was given only a hurried and fragmentary account of the interview. It was then that M'sieu Laval seemed to lose his poise by explaining that he had not come to Washington to engage in polemics with a Senator who represented only himself. The French writers, most of whom are mouthpieces of political parties or organs, would have been quick to attack Premier Laval had he remained silent in the face of Borah's remarks. It was their pens rather than American opinion Laval feared most, and he dared not permit them to interpret—or misinterpret—any failure to reply to the suggestion that the Versailles Treaty be revised.

It was not until late in the next day that the Premier read a translation of the Senator's interview, and he hastened immediately to make amends for his first, abrupt comment. Through a newspaper acquaintance he let Mr. Borah know that his comment had been based on insufficient and inaccurate information, and that nothing unfriendly was intended. On the contrary, the Premier recognized, he explained, the validity of much of what Mr. Borah said, and he subsequently took advantage of the Stimson stag dinner to discuss highly controversial questions in great detail.

Mr. Hoover did not see much use or good in the Laval visit, and was at a loss concerning what and how he should talk with the French Premier. It seems that the impetuous and good-natured Mr. Stimson had arranged for the visit during his dash around Europe last August, and that the President could hardly afford to stop or postpone the conference. It was a *fait accompli*, as it were. During a chat with Senator Borah, so the story goes, the President confided his doubts, emphasizing the embarrassment he might suffer if he "talked turkey" on such matters as a security pact, disarmament, etc., and asked for advice. To which the redoubtable Borah replied: "I'll talk to them. Send them to me." And, in view of the part Mr. Stimson played in arranging interviews with the Senator for both the Premier and the French journalists, it may be that this indirect and irresponsible diplomacy did commend itself to Mr. Hoover. A. F. C.

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Wets Must Become Democrats

By JOHN HEMPHILL

THE wet-dry issue has established itself as the most important single thing in America's political present and immediate future. So urgent and insistent has it become that it must have promptly at its service nation-wide political parties. Such organizations are, of necessity, the only vehicles that can carry this overgrown and boisterous new child of ours. Actual or theoretical non-partisan societies or organizations, such as the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment and the W. C. T. U., which have cared for this child during its early years, are no longer adequate. It has outgrown its nurses.

Temporary or localized and isolated organizations that, in spots, have successfully crystallized the issue, are no longer sufficient. The old-line political parties must accommodate themselves to this situation, must make a place for it or the child will rise up against them and destroy one or both, Democratic and Republican parties, to clear the way for political organizations of its creation. Final and complete adoption with partisan enthusiasm by the existing political parties on the one hand or a partial or complete destruction of the old parties with the creation of new parties on the other hand is the probable alternative future of the wet-dry issue.

From birth this child was feared by politicians. Democratic leaders put blinkers on their Donkey so that it would not see and shy at the fatal infidelity to sound Jeffersonianism and the doctrine of states' rights involved in national prohibition, a gross federal usurpation. Republican leaders attempted to hide from their Elephant this mouse that had slipped in through the wide-open door of federal centralization which they had cut into our constitutional democracy for the convenience of the Elephant. For the first few years and continuing, generally speaking, down to the presidential campaign of 1928, the professional politicians of both parties were successful in evading the issue. But gradually the people have become awakened, aroused and alarmed, and the momentum on the anti-prohibition side has been so accelerated during the last two years that today many politicians who believed it expedient to be evasive and hypocritical in 1927 are now beginning to find it good politics to be bold.

There is a second reason for the early slowness of growth of this now boisterous child. The peril of prohibition's punitive paternalism was not realized at first. Our eyes were not opened until the bootlegging-speakeasy racket became an organized business, and general recognition of the economic waste and the added tax burden of prohibition was likewise gradual and, even now, is not fully understood.

But the principal causes for the tardy development of the now maturing child during the early years were political factors. The wets were not organized, but the drys were and had been for more than fifty years, and by playing astute politics they persuaded the general public that the question was a moral and not a political issue. At the same time, however, they themselves were sunk deep in the mire and compromise of very practical politics because by terrorizing tactics they imposed their fanatical decrees upon Republicans of the North and West and Democrats of the South. Without interest in either they dictated to both.

A striking instance of the cowardly manner in which politicians accept dictation from disinterested and even hostile outsiders was shown at the Houston convention. With complete recognition that the party was about to nominate the wet Catholic governor of New York and with similar recognition of the fact that Bishop Cannon, as yet undistinguished in Wall Street, but highly renowned for bigotry and fanaticism, would go the limit for the Anti-Saloon League's candidate, Mr. Hoover, and work himself into a nervous breakdown against Mr. Smith, Governor Dan Moody, the local host, attempted to make the delegates satisfied with a spineless, meaningless declaration of principles on the wet-dry issue by saying "the plank adopted has been approved by Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Church, who argued for it before the committee."

BISHOP CANNON was almost the last man alive from whom to accept dictation. A man of high standards would not have asked to influence or dictate to those against whom he was already openly antagonistic. Actually the presence of Cannon before the resolutions committee of the convention was, if not treacherous, at least highly impertinent. It should have been stigmatized as such then and there, and it might have been except for political cowardice. There were plenty of Democrats there, Senator Glass, for

BISHOP JAMES CANNON, JR., who "dictated" to Democrats at Houston in 1924

example, to present the dry view. There was no excuse for going out of the family circle for advice; inviting tyranny from a man admittedly disinterested in government except as a means of serving fanaticism and actually antagonistic to the party he was falsely inviting himself to serve.

During the early stage of the development of this child, political leaders—and followers as well—were putty in the hands of such meddling outsiders. Democrats of the South were hoping against hope that the Republican alliance with the Anti-Saloon League would not force them to lose their birthright as Democrats, for they were determined to be drys. Republican wets of the North were hoping against hope that their party's alliance with the Anti-Saloon League, admittedly worth many votes to the perpetual Republican prosperity program, would not force their wet sympathies into the same camp with the leprous Democrats. So adherence to party preferences, encouraged by Wayne B. Wheeler, while he battened down his cargo with very practical, if not sordid politics, kept the wets from organizing. Dry strategy and tyranny retarded wet unification.

To some extent this situation still prevails, but it is improving. F. Scott McBride is not comparable to Wheeler as a politico. About all McBride seems to do as well as Wheeler is to keep the church organizations and the bootleggers working together harmoniously. That doesn't require any genius; it really works itself. The conscientious prohibitionist supplying fervor, the bootlegger and racketeer supplying self-interest and corrupt and corrupting financial support, and the professional and intimidated politician supplying

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the voting strength, find themselves in the same boat and all pull lustily at the oars.

The greatest detriment to the progress of the wet cause is this collateral divergence of interests which is preventing a unification of forces. The drys permit no party loyalty or anything else to disorganize them, but wets impair their own strength by failure to unite. Wet Democrats, heavily burdened with the fight to Jeffersonize the drys within their own ranks, begrudge the loan to or theft by the Republican wets of the doctrine of states' rights. Wet Republicans, galled by the recognition of the necessity for them to support the democratic doctrine of decentralization, resent this trick of fate and fight doggedly for their party status. Wet Democrats are jealous of their party's historic position and would almost rather fight wet Republicans because they are Republicans than dry Democrats because they are dry. Wet Republicans are extremely uncomfortable about, and at times almost ashamed of, their espousal of states' rights and would rather fight wet Democrats because they are Democrats than dry Republicans because they are dry. It is the continued existence of this fact that causes many well-informed and intelligent persons to maintain that the wet-dry issue is not yet ripe.

How serious a deterrent is this reluctance to abandon party preference? It has been of great importance, but as interest in the wet-dry fight increases, interest in party preference decreases. That has been illustrated many times in recent campaigns. It can be accepted as a proved fact that the drys, whether they be moral crusaders, hypocrites or bootleggers and racketeers, will not permit any party preference to beguile them away from their first love, the eighteenth amendment. They will not consider any other governmental question of any importance. So they are ready for the fight. The wets are beginning to show a similar singleness of mind. For example, in the Pennsylvania primaries of 1930 some 400,000 Republican wets on a Jeffersonian platform of states' rights insisted upon the privilege of voicing a wet protest, although in doing so the only thing accomplishable and the only thing accomplished was the success of a man who they knew would and who to a great extent has destroyed the Republican machine of the state. That was proof conclusive that four hundred thousand Republicans of Pennsylvania cared more about a rousing cheer for states' rights than for the perpetuation of the Republican machine.

It is sometimes suggested that the beneficiaries of the political machines, the job-holders, will resist and prevent the drawing of the nation-wide lines as to this issue in the two parties. As compared to the pressure of the issue itself this is not serious. The small fry jobholder is nimble enough to accommodate himself to any shifting that the wind may indicate. He is not courageous; he never attempts to stem the tide of public opinion or indignation; instead he always rides along with it. If he is a Democrat in a dry section and the Republican party goes definitely and irrevocably dry he will be instantly transformed into a Republican. If he is a Republican division leader in Philadelphia he will, as he did in 1930, turn Democrat overnight, if the support beneath him switches by a nation-wide Democratic wet stand.

The evolution of the two parties into wet and dry parties is nowhere more clearly discernible than in Pennsylvania, the stronghold of the Republican party. There the shifting process has been generally conceived to be the result of city and country jealousy or antagonism, but the cause is really deeper than that. The struggle between the rural and urban districts has been brought about by the wet-dry fight in the making. Al Smith carried the coalfield cities and South Philadelphia, and almost carried Pittsburgh, all overwhelmingly Republican. The Smith-Hoover fight was not a fight of country against city, but with the gubernatorial fight following, it began to stabilize the wet-dry line of battle with the country versus the city struggle as a by-product or an indication of the trend.

THAT the wet-dry issue is breaking the back of the Republican machine in Pennsylvania is undeniable. Confusion rules in the ranks and the former leadership is without influence. General Atterbury, the national committeeman, has and will continue to support wet Democrats. He voluntarily gave out a public statement of blistering criticism of his party's tariff program. Yet the party dare not accept the resignation that he has tendered because ruinous strife within the organization would follow. With things in that condition, Philadelphia, and probably Pittsburgh, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre would support a wet Democrat, even in a national contest. Nothing but the wet issue's destruction of party lines has brought Pennsylvania to her present state of political confusion.

The difficult first step has been made. The next will be easy and it may not be long, if the Democratic party becomes the wet party, before Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh as well, will be as Democratic as Boston and New York.

On a basis of past performance it sounds almost ludicrous to suggest that Philadelphia may soon be a Demo-

Democratic leaders put blinkers on their donkey so that it would not see and shy at the fatal infidelity to sound Jeffersonianism and the doctrine of states' rights involved in national prohibition

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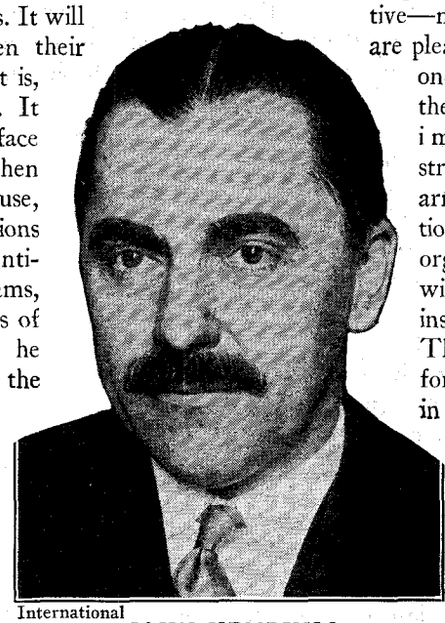
cratic city. But why not? The people there have already demonstrated that nothing will deter them from supporting wet candidates, regardless of party. If the Democratic party becomes the wet party, those people will become Democrats and instantly that happens the jobholders must do likewise. A few leaders who might try to stem the tide would be swept into oblivion.

But it is undoubtedly true that this child, so embarrassing to politicians twelve years ago when it was left, a wet baby, on their doorstep, is not yet mature. Although it progressed with amazing rapidity between the years 1928 and and 1930, its growth appears to have been somewhat retarded during 1931. Its progress this year is probably just as rapid, but that is not being observed so closely as heretofore because it is not being exhibited publicly in any colorful campaigns and because temporarily people have become more interested in, and even panicky about, the progress or rather the maintenance of our industrial civilization.

THIS interlude is probably but the final recess of his school years. Our economic structure is not going to crumble, and whether or not we have yet found the bottom of depression's despair we are in time surely going to evolve a return of business and governmental stability. When this happens our calm and complacent people will be astounded at the manner in which the wet-dry issue has quietly grown during the recess. Their interest then will be even more acute. They will recognize in it the means of tax relief by eliminating prohibition waste.

But after the recess, when this child of a few years ago has again preempted the center of the American stage, its first requisite is going to be the service of nation-wide political organizations. It will not then, in the full vigor of maturity, put up with impromptu sponsorship of interests highly heterogeneous and totally lacking in unification. It will not permit a continuance of the drys' tactics of procrastination nor their strategy wherein party prejudice is preyed upon to defeat wet organization and unification. It is going to force the wets to organize and force the drys to permit to organize a national political unit, the ultimate and necessary vehicle for the contest.

Likewise it is going to force recognition of the fact that it represents a contest between two opposed theories of government within our constitutional democracy. It is going to require the supporters on the dry side to disabuse their minds of sentimental confusion and rubbish and face governmental facts with governmental theories. It will lift from their faces their self-righteous mask of assumed superiority and will require them to look upon its problem in the true light of governmental necessity instead of a false light wherein moral crusades and church activities are hopelessly intermingled and intermuddled with the states' affairs. It will require them to open their eyes and see life as it is, not as it is dreamt. It will force them to face facts, realities, and then will require them to use, in arriving at conclusions and programs, not sentiment or Utopian dreams, but workable theories of government. Thus he will make the drys the party of centralization, the organization supporting that theory of government that denies home rule and any degree of self-determination within units smaller than the nation. This is inevitable since it is the only manner in which the national prohibitionist can be logical, and the matured child is going to be insistent upon logic and fidelity to principles.



International

JOHN HEMPHILL
Democratic candidate for governor of Pennsylvania in 1930

With the wets the new issue is going to be equally severe. It will not build his organization upon wets for wets' sake. Those dictated to by appetite or indulgence and those beckoned on by the prospect of profits from legalized intoxicants it will ignore because its wet party must consider the problem, as it will require his drys to consider it, as a question of government exclusively. Its wet organization must be led by conscientious believers in decentralization in government and must fervently adhere to the doctrine of states' rights and local self-government as America's true constitutional democracy. They must abhor national prohibition for the simple and single reason that it contravenes their theory of just and proper government.

As it will ignore wets for appetite sake, so likewise will it discard modificationists. These semi-wets are only confusing the issue. Dry strategy has encouraged them only to prevent concentration of wet sentiment. Just as party preference has been so used, likewise the dry politicos have fostered divergence of opinion and program among the wets. Modification, the beer-and-light-wines movement, and all sorts of lesser objectives have been encouraged so as to diminish the recruits for the repeal cause. Discouraged, faint-hearted wets have fallen into this trap and all about us we hear from people who are in fact repealists the half-beaten suggestion that repeal is too much of a fight and wisdom would dictate a falling back to the lesser objective—modification. The drys are pleased when these timid ones fall out of line along the march because that impairs the fighting strength of the wet army. So the Modification League, and such organizations, are unwittingly aiding the drys instead of the wets. There is no logical place for the modificationists in the rapidly forming lines of battle. Their program convicts them of appetite dictation, a seeking after intoxicants only. It is beer or wine that they must want, not a seeking to improve government, or rather a seeking to return government to sanity. The repealist is opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment in its entirety because it has twisted, debased and compromised the true concepts of America's constitutional democracy. This compromise defeats the entire scheme of government, yet the modificationist would accept this compromise and superimpose upon it a second compromise, satisfying appetite to some extent, but sacrificing the principles and integrity of all. Such movements suggest the futile efforts of the greatest compromiser of history, Henry Clay, to avoid the Civil War. Men and women are frequently compromised, but theories of government must be beaten —never compromised. It is little wonder that these adroit dry politicos go to such ends to divide the opposing strength of encouraging modificationists. Some of them are even shrewd enough to claim a broad-minded willingness to accept modification. They are Greeks bearing gifts. We do not want this gift. It may give us intoxicants. That can be had now anywhere and any time we have the price. What we want is a return of America's constitutional democracy. Neither drys nor modificationists, only repealists, can return this precious gift.

(Continued on Page 311)

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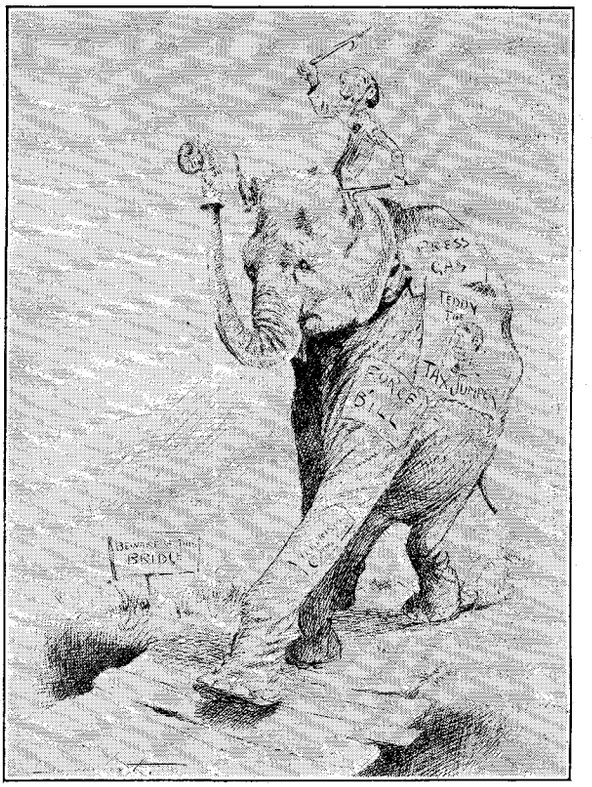
T. R. and the Bosses

The Eighth Installment of Roosevelt: A Biography

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

Roosevelt returned from the Spanish war as a probable Republican candidate for Governor of New York, and got the job. But Boss Platt wanted to get him out of the way. Mark Hanna thought no "madman" should have the Vice Presidential nomination, but Matt Quay and Boies Penrose settled it with Platt and again Roosevelt was on the upward march to the Presidency. In the next installment he is in the White House, dealing vigorously with the anthracite coal strike. It was a tempestuous time, Roosevelt forcing a settlement by threatening to open the mines with the army



"A DANGEROUS ROAD"
"Boss" Platt guides the G. O. P. elephant toward the governorship of New York

DURING August, 1898, Senator Platt was, as he described it, "doing a heap of thinking." The governor of New York, Frank S. Black, was entitled to another term, but he had alienated large numbers of voters by permitting undue extravagance in repairs on the Erie Canal. Besides, Platt no longer trusted Black. Suggestions were constantly being made that Theodore Roosevelt, the hero of the Spanish war, should receive the gubernatorial nomination, but the easy boss was even more dubious about Roosevelt. He was "a perfect bull in a china shop."

Roosevelt, still in Cuba, was engaged in thought. Lodge had been writing that the newspaper accounts of his heroism had started a boom for governor. Almost any public office was within his grasp at the moment. The Colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry replied that his popularity was undoubtedly merely temporary and also that he would prefer to be in national, not state, politics.

Roosevelt was careful, however, to let the New York leaders know that he was subject to persuasion on the governorship. When the *Miami* dropped anchor off Montauk he declined to commit himself, but a few days later inspired dispatches from the Rough Rider camp indicated that Roosevelt would listen to the voice of the people. It is doubtful whether he seriously considered declining the nomination.

Letters exchanged with Lemuel E. Quigg, a Platt henchman, reveal that he had agreed to work with the organization only to the extent that his conscience would permit. On September 14 all the details having been arranged, Quigg told Roosevelt that he might well begin making speeches:

> . . . . I think that this invitation of the Brooklyn Sunday School Association would be a first rate one to accept, although it would probably have to be followed by an address to the Brooklyn Association of Amalgamated Liquor Dealers or something of the sort.

The curious fact is that Roosevelt was, in 1898, probably ineligible for the office or even to vote in New York state. The state constitution required residence in the state for the five years immediately preceding election, and Roosevelt had recently signed two affidavits, one to avoid payment of taxes in Oyster Bay and the other to avoid payment in New York City. In the second of these he swore that his residence was in Washington, D. C. The tangle has slight historical importance, but it marked Roosevelt's closest approach to a personal scandal. He was badly worried until the astute mind of Elihu Root had swept aside the alleged disqualification. The whole matter was actually an outgrowth of Roosevelt's chronic carelessness regarding his own financial affairs.

In 1897, while Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he was the owner of Sagamore Hill at Oyster Bay and also maintained a town house in New York City. On August 14, 1897, he wrote to his uncle, James A. Roosevelt, that the personal tax assessed in Oyster Bay was heavier than it had been in New York and "I adhere to New York as my place of abode":

> . . . . I shan't pay any in Oyster Bay. I have been voting in New York for the past two years and that has been my residence.

An affidavit to this effect was deposited with the town clerk of Oyster Bay on August 24, 1897, and the taxes were waived. Thereupon came the distractions of the approaching war, the birth of Quentin, and the illness of Mrs. Roosevelt. Six months passed, filled with busy days in the Navy Department. On January 20, 1898, Roosevelt asked his brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, whether it would be necessary for him to pay levies on $50,000 in personal property. This assessment had been filed in New York City. ". . . . I live at Oyster Bay where I vote and pay my personal tax," he wrote. In a second affidavit, deposited in New York City, Roosevelt said that "I have been and am now a resident of Washington."

All this would hardly have come to light had it not been that superintendent of insurance Lou F. Payn and one or two other Republicans were supporting Governor Black for renomination. Through useful Tammany Hall friends in the New York City tax offices they exhumed the second of the two affidavits. It was published on the eve of the Republican State Convention at Saratoga. All details for the selection of Roosevelt as the party's candidate had been arranged, and at first there was consternation at Republican headquarters. Then came reassurances from Mr. Root. Letters were available showing that Roose-

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velt had not intended to lose his voting residence. At Saratoga, following a grandiloquent oration in which Chauncey Depew placed Roosevelt's name in nomination, Root made a long and plausible address. He explained, to the satisfaction of the delegates, that their candidate was a resident of Oyster Bay. But he did not mention the first affidavit, as yet unknown to Payn and the other Black adherents, in which Roosevelt had disavowed his home on Long Island.

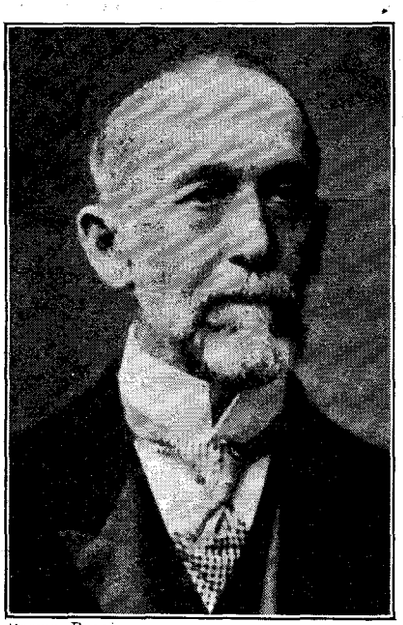
Whether through forgetfulness or by intent, Roosevelt had certainly given way to the universal urge to avoid tax payments. Had his enemies pressed their claims, he might really have been declared ineligible by court action. They did not do so. The New York City taxes were paid, on October 3, 1898, by Roosevelt's check for $995.28.

The Democrats, lacking a hero comparably as great as Roosevelt, gave the nomination to Augustus Van Wyck, a brother of the Tammany Hall Mayor of New York City. Platt, meanwhile, was carrying out the suggestion of Depew that patriotism was to be the keynote of the campaign. With Roosevelt's willing assistance, almost nothing was discussed except San Juan hill and national issues. Roosevelt's first important address was at Carnegie Hall on "The Duties of a Great Nation." A dozen Rough Riders were escorted to the platform. The meeting opened with cheers for San Juan and for its hero. The hall was smothered in flags.

Seven Rough Riders, wearing their uniforms of glory, were on the special train on which Roosevelt began a tour on October 17. At each stop a bugler appeared on the rear platform to sound the cavalry charge. At Fort Henry, New York, a small upstate town, the candidate began his address as the notes of the bugle died. "You have heard the trumpet that sounded to bring you here," he said. "I have heard it tear the tropic dawn when it summoned us to fight at Santiago."

Huge crowds turned out to see Roosevelt at these patriotic rallies, to marvel at his energy and the fury with which he waved a wide-brimmed black felt hat, similar in shape to the campaign hats of the First Volunteer Cavalry. The Fourth of July excitement was continuous. When he was not talking about patriotism, which was seldom, Roosevelt admitted that he had been a degree uncharitable to labor in the past and announced that he had seen the light.

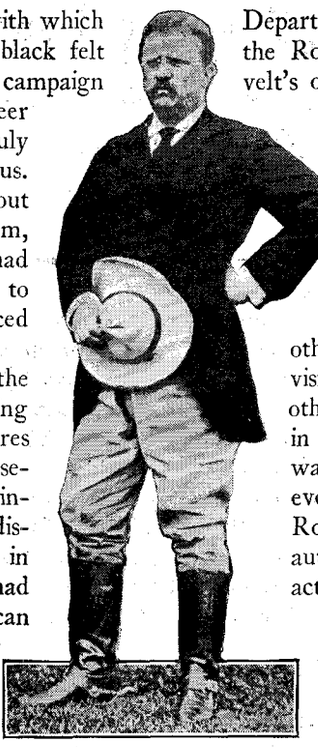
Despite the crowds and the noise, the campaign was going badly. ". . . . New York cares very little for the war," Roosevelt mourned. The public, if interested at all, was merely disgusted with the manner in which the Republican party had mismanaged it. The Republican candidate did not escape criticism for his evasion on state issues, and Carl Schurz was again attacking his imperialism. Nor had the National Guard been convinced by Roosevelt's hurried tributes; it remembered his earlier disparagements. The guardsmen held a mass meeting in New York City on October 21 where his picture was hissed amid jeers for "the only hero of the war." Meanwhile a whispering campaign to the effect that Roosevelt had not stormed San Juan at all was in full swing.



Brown Bros.

SENATOR THOMAS PLATT
New York Republican boss, who hoped to "shelve" T. R. by making him Vice-President

Under these bludgeonings, he made frantic appeals for the Medal of Honor to which he believed himself entitled. His pleas to have Lodge use his influence to hasten the award started in July, 1898, and increased during the campaign. On October 25 Lodge addressed a personal petition to President McKinley, pointing out that "just now it would have a very important meaning . . . . and would put at rest many stories . . . . being circulated by the Democrats." He felt that "in view of the immense importance of the New York election," the award of the Medal of Honor should be made "in the course of the next few days." But the War Department, perhaps recalling the Round Robin and Roosevelt's other criticisms, failed to come to the rescue of the New York G. O. P.



T. R. IN 1900

After Election Day Roosevelt's prayers changed to angry demands. He said that he deserved the medal more than "any other man in the cavalry division and . . . . above any other man, except Hawkins, in the Army." The award was never authorized, however, and ten years later Roosevelt agreed that the authorities had taken "exactly the right position."

Roosevelt would almost certainly have been defeated had it not been that Boss Croker of Tammany supplied an effective issue by publicly expressing contempt for the principle of a non-partisan judiciary. Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Daly, who had been on the bench for twenty-eight years, failed to receive a renomination from Tammany, and Croker explained that this was because of undue independence.

"Mad, indeed, is the brain that conceives the punishment of a just judge," exclaimed Daly, and his challenge gave new life to the discouraged Republicans. Then Croker added to the indignation of the voters by baldly stating that Daly had been placed on the bench by Tammany, and "Tammany Hall has a right to expect consideration at his hands."

"This gave me my chance," exulted Roosevelt, and it did. Out of the justifiable anger of New York citizens of both parties, and the protest meetings attended by thousands, grew the small majority by which he triumphed over Van Wyck. His majority was only 17,794.

UNTIL he led his hosts at Armageddon in 1912 and battled for the Lord, no banners proclaiming radicalism marked the onward march of Theodore Roosevelt. He stood close to the center and bared his teeth at the conservatives on the right and the liberals of the extreme left. In his legislative messages as Governor of New York may be found most of the principles he advocated as President. He seemed to be radical because his roar was so loud.

Platt, being rather dull, was far from comprehending the man whom necessity had forced upon him. In May, 1899, he

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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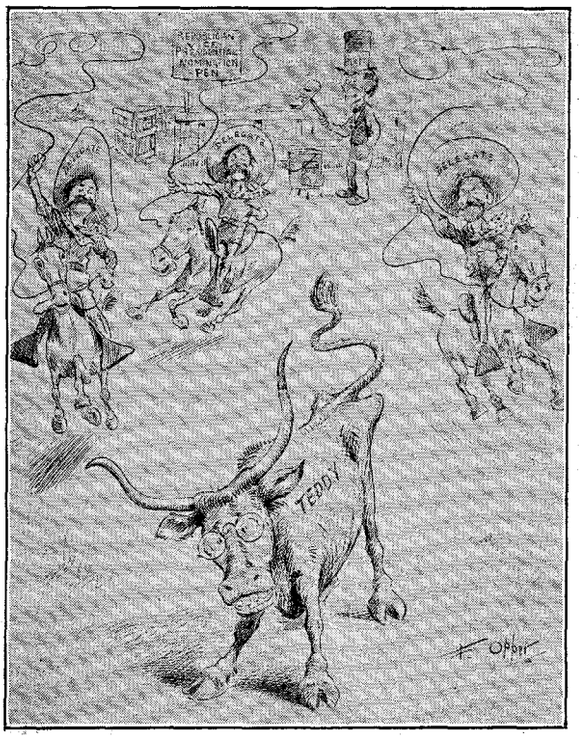


HARD TO ROPE
In the background Platt calmly waits to brand the unruly T. R.

confided to Roosevelt the apprehensions he felt when the new governor took office:

. . . . I had heard that you were a little loose on the relations of capital and labor, on trusts and combinations . . . . on those numerous questions . . . . affecting the security of earnings and the right of a man to run his own business in his own way, with due respect, of course, to the Ten Commandments and the Penal Code. . . .

The friction between Roosevelt and Platt was based on fundamental disagreement regarding these two codes. Mr. Platt felt that the Ten Commandments could sometimes be amended or even ignored. On his part, Roosevelt sought to strengthen the Penal Code. His first message to the legislature in January, 1899, can have caused no alarm to Platt, however. In all probability the leader had been consulted on the recommendations it contained; in 1900 Roosevelt sent Platt a copy in advance and hoped that he would "make suggestions and criticisms with the utmost frankness."

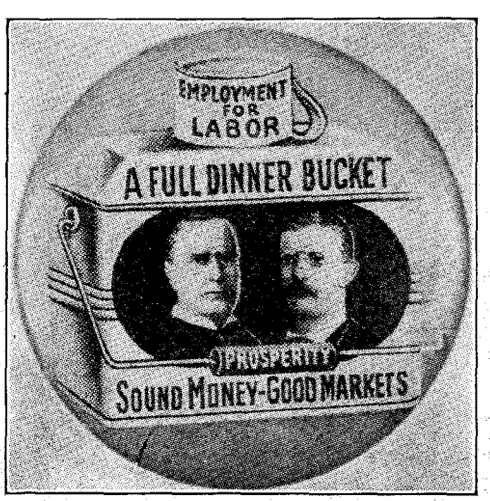
The message did not refer to a tax on corporation franchises which was to be Roosevelt's principal accomplishment that year. In claiming credit for franchise taxation, Roosevelt neglected to mention that the bill providing it had been drafted and introduced by State Senator John Ford, a Democrat who was subsequently elevated to the state Supreme Court. He also forgot to point out that he had first been quite oblivious of its importance. As late as March 27, 1899, he was urging the legislature to appoint a commission which would study the matter and report back the following year. Senator Ford's bill, introduced in January, was slumbering in committee at the time and Roosevelt's comment on it was that he did not agree with "the outcry against corporations as such . . . ."

Roosevelt's assumption of credit was not wholly unjustified, however. If tardily, he awoke to the importance of a bill which would bring in millions of dollars in legitimate taxes. His messages to the legislature on April 27 and 28, 1899, declared this "the most important . . . . [bill] . . . . before the legislature this year." Platt's legislators were hastily summoned to oppose it, but the best they could do was to amend the bill in the hope that Roosevelt would be influenced to veto it. The worst of the alterations was one providing that assessments under the new law would be in the hands of the local authorities, which meant that Tammany in New York City would have new power over honest Republican business men. The Governor called a special session for the purpose of having this defect removed. Then the machine made plans to emasculate the measure beyond all recognition. The Governor, however, was master of the situation. He gave notice that unless an adequate bill was passed at the special session he would sign the existing measure. Frank Platt, son of the Republican boss, was permitted to take part in framing the new bill, but Roosevelt's threats were effective. "Three cheers!" was the rather ironical telegram which Roosevelt dispatched to Platt after the amended bill had become law.

". . . . I am very much pleased," said President Roosevelt. ". . . . [It] was the most definite and important contribution . . . . made by me while I was governor."

On other grounds, as well, Roosevelt was pleased with his first year as governor of New York. The civil service law was "the best statute of that character . . . . enacted by any state or by the nation." He felt that much had been done to add to the welfare of the workingman, that the primary law had been improved, that "not a single law [has] been put on the statute books which ought not to have been made." Roosevelt had, however, been a pallid friend of home rule for the large cities of the state. He had advocated, against the advice of so close a friend as Joseph Bucklin Bishop, an outrageous measure which would have taken control of their police from the citizens of New York City and created a state constabulary. To his subsequent relief, this bill did not pass. The governor, despite his assertion, had bowed to Platt on many an appointment, and his only important step toward punishment of the guilty in the canal frauds was to arrange for further investigations.

Benjamin B. Odell, as Roosevelt prepared his second message to the legislature in December, 1899, urged a policy of caution. He asked that the governor soften his statements on the canal frauds, that he refrain from any intimation that Republican officials might have been guilty of misconduct or carelessness. As a final warning, the state chairman asked modification of the trust-control section of the message. Publicity regarding corporate earnings would merely drive industry out of New York State.



THE FULL DINNER PAIL
A campaign button carrying a favorite Republican slogan

The receipt of such advice, as he formulated his plans for the year, was decidedly embarrassing to an honest and able governor. Quite apart from his personal ambitions, Roosevelt desired another term in order to complete his program. To accomplish much in two years was impossible. But Odell's advice represented the views of the party leaders who could refuse the renomination. The result of the conflict was the inevitable one—a compromise in which expediency nullified certain of Roosevelt's convictions. He did not, however,

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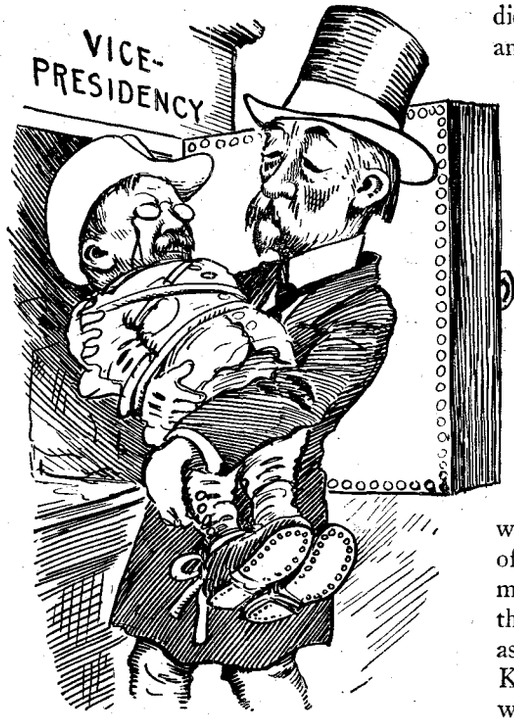
surrender entirely. The recommendation for publicity on corporate earnings was retained. He deprecated contributions by judges to campaign war chests.

Interest in the message was overshadowed by the governor's announcement that Lou Payn would not be reappointed to the post of superintendent of insurance. Roosevelt had no personal love for Payn, who had assisted in bringing to light the unfortunate tax affidavits, but there is no evidence that this was the motive for demanding his head.

". . . . Like the population of Poker Flat," he wrote, "I only venture to draw the line against individuals whose immorality is professional; but in Mr. Payn's case it *is* professional."

The term of the superintendent of insurance expired in February, 1900, and Roosevelt's plan to oust him was common knowledge in November of the previous year. Barnes had said that he would not object, but that Platt was the leader and would have to be obeyed since he controlled the Senate which must confirm any substitute. The governor then said that he would turn Payn out while the Senate was in recess and so would have his own man in office for the greater part of 1900. The Albany *Evening Journal*, the voice of Bill Barnes, echoed these conversations and praised Payn's administration. The incredible defense of the superintendent of insurance was that the civil service laws protected him.

Payn was one of the numerous links between financial New York and the legislature. He had previously been a lobbyist for Jay Gould. As Roosevelt phrased it, "being a frugal man, out of his seven thousand dollars a year salary he has saved enough to enable him to borrow nearly half a million dollars from a trust company, the directors of which are also the directors of an insurance company . . . . under his supervision."



IN COLD STORAGE
Platt's hopes were shattered by the death of President McKinley

Justice was preponderantly on Roosevelt's side. He might have lost his fight, however, had not an unrelated petition been filed at Albany pointing out that the State Trust Company of New York City had made improper loans to the extent of $5,000,000. One of them, for $435,000, was to Lou Payn. On January 16 the New York *World* revealed that the directors of the State Trust Company also controlled the American Surety Company, a firm within the jurisdiction of the superintendent of insurance. On March 12 a confidential report on the State Trust Company, made by Superintendent of Banking Frederick D. Kilburn, leaked out. It showed several strange loans, among them the extension of a $2,000,000 credit to "Daniel H. Shea," an office boy employed by Thomas F. Ryan. Kilburn said that the "Shea loan . . . was illegal" since it was actually made to Ryan, a member of the bank's board of directors.

The revelations regarding the State Trust Company spelled doom for Payn and victory, of a sort, for Roosevelt. Francis Hendricks of Syracuse was confirmed as the new superintendent of insurance. But Roosevelt's elation must have been dampened by the fact that Elihu Root, his friend and adviser as well as Secretary of War in McKinley's Cabinet, had been identified with the State Trust Company as counsel and director. Kilburn's report, kept secret at Albany until a reporter somehow obtained a copy, criticized Root for countenancing such loans. The *World* said that the governor had used his power "to shield a personal friend from the consequences of his unlawful act":

"As for Mr. Root, how can he remain in public life?"

Roosevelt had the wisdom to say nothing, however, and the whole affair was quickly forgotten.

It was the Lou Payn episode which inspired his most famous apothegm. He had been, he told a friend, "entirely good humored . . . . [and] cool" in his dealings with Platt:

"I have always been fond of the West

(Continued on Page 317)

New-York Tribune.

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ROOSEVELT NOW PRESIDENT.

THE OATH OF OFFICE ADMINISTERED TO HIM BY JUDGE HAZEL IN BUFFALO.

WILL CONTINUE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S POLICY.

Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office as President of the United States before Judge John R. Hazel in Buffalo yesterday afternoon in the presence of five members of the Cabinet and others.

Before taking the oath Mr. Roosevelt declared that it would be his aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity and honor of the country.

President Roosevelt requested the members of the Cabinet to retain their portfolios, at least for the present, and received assurances that they would do so. He also announced that there would be no extraordinary session of Congress.

NO EXTRA SESSION

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

NATION IN MOURNING.

President McKinley to Have a State Funeral in Washington.

SERVICES IN THE CAPITOL--BURIAL IN CANTON.

Arrangements for the funeral of President McKinley were made by the members of the Cabinet in Buffalo yesterday afternoon. A brief service of prayer will be held at Mr. Milburn's house at 11 o'clock this forenoon, after which the body will lie in state in the Buffalo City Hall. At 8:30 o'clock on Monday morning the body will be placed on a special train and taken to Washington, arriving in the evening. The body will remain at the White House overnight. On Tuesday it will be taken to the Capitol and lie in state. On Wednesday at 12 o'clock funeral services will be held, after which the body will be taken to Mr. McKinley's old home in Canton, where the burial will take place on Thursday.

GREAT TRIBUTES OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION PLANNED.

CONSUMMATION
Though shocked at McKinley's tragic death, the nation hails Roosevelt as its 26th President

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Music Festivals in Europe

By DAVID EWEN

THE important music-festivals in Europe were ushered in this year by the Modern Music Festival which, this year, was held in England. A festival which, each year, brings us the best which modern music has to offer, proved to be this year a sad commentary on the state of contemporary music. More than twenty-five outstanding composers, representing no less than ten different countries, submitted their latest works in four days of orchestral, choral and ballet music. And yet, during these four days, there was hardly more than ephemeral respite from an endless parade of mediocrity and shallowness.

America was represented by two very young composers: Roger Sessions—one of the more talented of that rebel group, "the younger American composers," who are attempting to create a national music of importance; and George Gershwin, that phenomenal graduate out of Tin-Pan Alley. Roger Sessions' *Sonata for Pianoforte* was, as a matter of fact, one of the more pleasing compositions of the entire festival. Unpretentious, unassuming, it is a work full of charming and original ideas developed with aptitude, skill and good taste. This little sonata proved to be, much to one's surprise, one of the few oases in this desert of musical sterility. Mr. Gershwin's *An American in Paris* did not wear half so well. At its best, this work possesses a certain zest and uniqueness. But, unfortunately, its best is none too frequent. The work is developed far too loosely and sloppily; it is, more than once, burdened by vulgar ideas. *An American in Paris* simply misses aim. It is to be deeply regretted that this composition should have been chosen at the Festival to represent American music.

Extricating the good music from the mediocrities one emerges with Karol Szymanowski's *Chansons Polonaises*, for chorus, and Anton von Webern's *Symphony for Small Orchestra*. Szymanowski's *Chansons Polonaises*—although modeled in a very obvious pattern—has neatly turned musical ideas and while decidedly inferior to his superb *Stabat Mater*—the high point of last year's festival—it is nevertheless not without harmonic ingenuity, melodic charm, and pleasing effectiveness. Anton von Webern's miniature symphony is full of spice and color, obviously the product of the German atonal school. It can well serve as the pepper and salt of any musical diet.

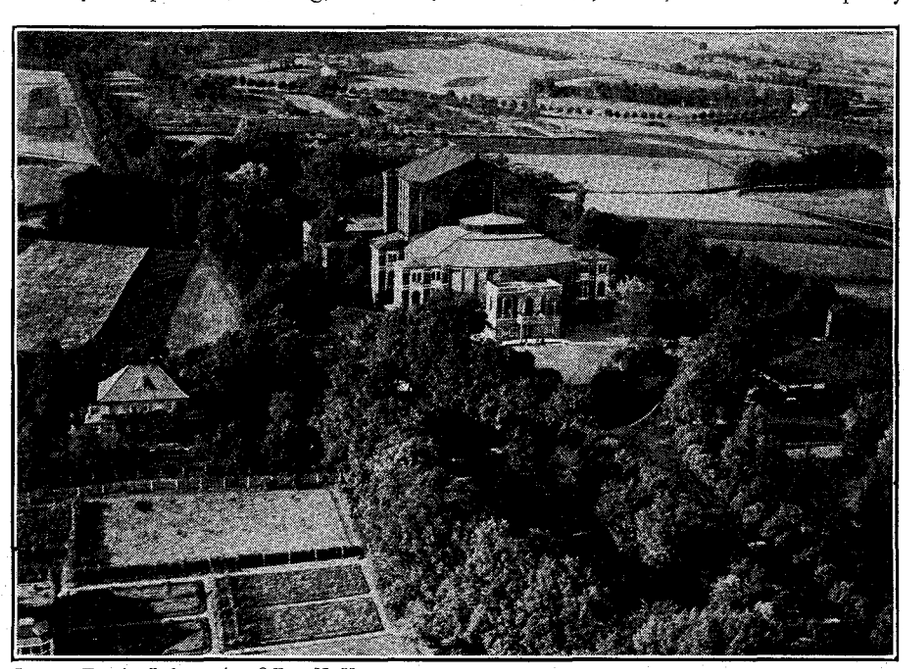
The rest of the works at the festival—and this includes such pretentious names as Albert Roussell, Eugene Goossens, Paul Hindemith, Constant Lambert, etc., all of whom can now be discussed in wholesale fashion and with impunity—were, for the most part, formulistic, obvious and stilted. They lacked character and individuality.

At the Bayreuth Festival the limelight, this year, was quite naturally focused on Arturo Toscanini's performance of *Parsifal*, and Wilhelm Furtwängler's *Tristan*—the former, because it was the first time that Toscanini conducted this religious drama here; the latter, because it served to introduce Herr Furtwängler to Bayreuth. Toscanini's *Parsifal* proved to be the highest peak of the festival. For many years now, Karl Muck has conducted *Parsifal* with such authenticity, with so searching an understanding of the score, that it seemed, at his resignation this year, that none could possibly replace him. Toscanini has succeeded in doing the impossible. His performance reminded one of Muck in his greatest days. Certainly Bayreuth has not heard a *Parsifal* like this one during the past two decades. In recent years, Muck's performances have become a little weary; they began to lose their one-time colossal energy and passion. Toscanini has brought back to the score the freshness of a new approach. His conducting had electricity, passion and power.

That Furtwängler's *Tristan* did not suffer by comparison, coming, as it did, in the wake of Toscanini's exquisitely beautiful performance of last year, speaks much for the quality of his performance. It is true that Furtwängler's interpretation had none of Toscanini's perfection. There were many rough edges; certain dramatic moments simply failed to impress. But it is also true that there were times when Furtwängler evoked richness and beauty from his orchestra with a sure hand. The lyrical passages were performed with fine sensitivity; the music became pure poetry. The first love passage between Tristan and Isolde in the first act, when they drink the magic potion, the ecstasy of the entire second act, and, finally, the poignant death scene, left little to be desired.

AT THE Munich Operatic Festival four composers, three of whom are the high peaks in the history of opera, were featured. Mozart and Wagner are represented by all of their important works; and the two modern composers, Richard Strauss and Hans Pfitzner, each contributed their most famous opera—the former, his "Rosenkavalier," the latter, his "Palestrina."

And it is in Mozart's operas that this operatic festival reaches its highest moments of artistic excellence. Munich seems to feel the spirit of Mozart most intimately, and it succeeds, with remarkable felicitousness, in translating this spirit into its performances. Nowhere else have I seen such performances of Mozart's operas. There is a gusto and an exuberance, here, a chaste simplicity,



German Tourist Information Office, N. Y.

The "Festspielhaus" in Bayreuth where Richard Wagner's works are performed

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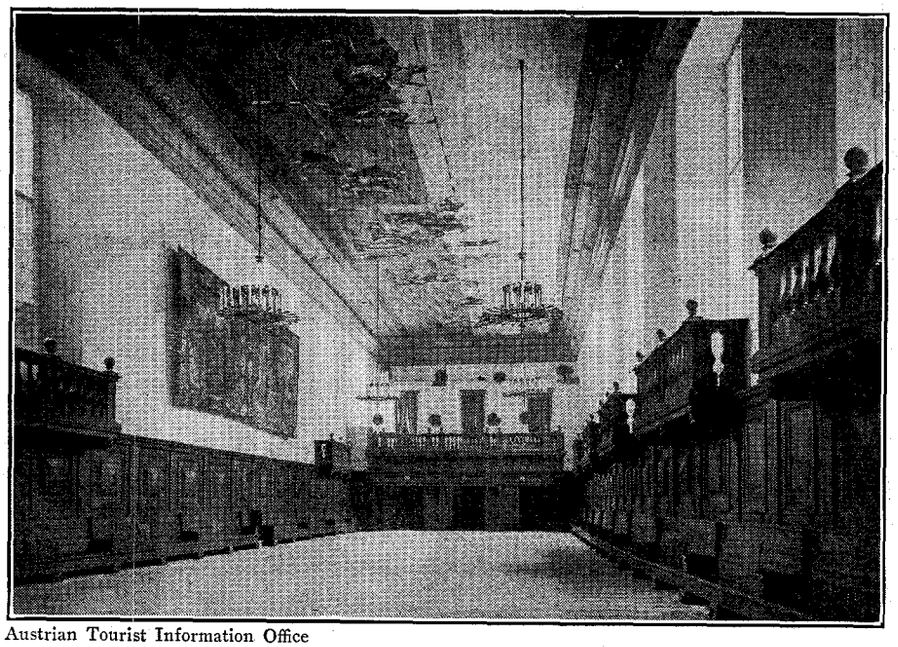
which give Mozart's operas an altogether new beauty; above all else there is a strict fidelity to and reverence for Mozart's music which make these performances beyond any cavil. Leo Blech and Richard Strauss—the latter who gives a performance of "Cosi fan tutte," which is a masterpiece of re-creation—give renditions, orchestrally, which are fragile and exquisite. And in Julius Patzak, Felicie Hüni-Michacsek, Heinrich Rehkemper, Elizabeth Schumann—to mention only a few of the most striking performers—we have Mozart interpreters who can give expression to all the subtleties, to all the poignant beauty and tenderness of Mozart's scores, with remarkable artistry.

The most heralded novelty of the festival was the revival of Mozart's "Idomeneo," after a long period of neglect by the music-world. Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari has retouched the score with nimble fingers; never did he leave his own fingerprints on Mozart's music. Yet, despite all of his conscientious efforts to modernize an obsolete opera, "Idomeneo" failed to impress. At every turn it revealed its age and obsolescence. The libretto is an impossible one, and would weigh down a much better opera. But the music is hardly more felicitous. Except in rare and all too infrequent moments, it has none of Mozart's usual freshness and beauty. The performance lavished upon the opera was handsome—but nothing, unfortunately, can revive a dead opera.

Strange to say, the performance of Wagner's operas at Munich tended, for the most part, towards another, and less happy, extreme. With the exception of an effective "Lohengrin" at the hands of Paul Schmitz and a colorful performance of the "Meistersinger" by Egon Pollak, Wagner's music-dramas suffered considerably in their performance here. For one thing, it was sung by an ill-assorted cast whose bad singing and impossible histrionics were by no means the exception. And then there was the conducting of Hans Knappertsbusch. Knappertsbusch, obviously, neither feels the scores intensely nor has enough poetry in his heart to be able effectively to reproduce the grandiose beauty in his performances of the "Ring," "Tristan," and of "Parsifal." The sublime passages were robbed of their magnificence. It was—without mincing any words—a drab performance.

In its performance of the "Rosenkavalier" and "Palestrina," Munich once again deserves commendation. The performances were studied; the casts were well chosen; and the orchestra played with a fine feeling for the music. One is tempted, however, to question why "Palestrina" should have been chosen as a companion piece for the immortal "Rosenkavalier." "Palestrina" is full, long-winded, and full of musical platitudes; it is lavish without being effective. To have chosen this dull work as the only other modern opera to accompany a composition so fresh, so full of vitality and exuberance, and so rich with genuine humor as the "Rosenkavalier," shows, I am afraid, poor taste on the part of the Festival.



Austrian Tourist Information Office

The state hall of the "Festspielhaus" in Salzburg

ALTHOUGH there was a veritable deluge of music at the current Salzburg Festival, it was not very difficult to separate the gold from the dross. Strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that the Festival was originally created as a shrine to Mozart, it was not in the performances of Mozart's music that the gold of the Festival lay. The six concerts of Mozart's serenades, for example, performed in the Courtyard of the Archbishop's Residenz, were in the hands of Bernhard Paumgartner, whose touch is far too coarse for such delicacies. He has a surprising preference for the brasses. I do not think that once during his performances did he reduce the volume of his orchestra to a *piano*. Moreover, too frequently did he run past passages that deserved a little caressing. Such bad taste is especially inexcusable in the case of Mozart.

Even the performances of Mozart's operas at the Festspielhaus were disappointing. I do not speak now of the musical treatment they received, which was for the most part excellent. Clemens Krauss, who directed "Figaro's Hochzeit," and Bruno Walter of "Don Giovanni," are both sensitive to Mozart's delicacy and grace, and they conducted with a heart that can feel such beauty deeply. But notwithstanding their conscientious batons, and the really commendable singing of the expertly chosen cast, something was vitally missing from those performances, a something which transcends music. I refer to the spirit of the operas—the reckless spirit of joviality which made the Mozart performances at Munich so extraordinary, and which was entirely lacking at Salzburg. The singers took their parts far too seriously, when a lightness of touch was the crying need. The true boisterousness of these operas—and their boisterousness is a decided virtue!—was entirely gone.

Equally disappointing were the performances of the Italian operas given by a visiting group from the La Scala Opera House in Milan. One expected much from their renditions of Italian opera, but one's expectations were sadly unrealized. The singing was as undistinguished as the acting; only Signor Fernando Autori, in the principal baritone rôles, succeeded in injecting a note of authenticity in his performance. Moreover, Maestro Lucon persistently side-stepped the really humorous passages of such witty works as "Don Pasquale" and the "Barber of Seville"; the lyrical sections, however, he sentimentalized until they became well-nigh cloying.

Where, then, was the gold to be found? First of all, in the conducting of Mr. Bruno Walter. In his interpretation of Glück's fragile masterpiece, "Orfeus and Eurydice" he gave, by far,

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the most satisfying artistic performance of the entire festival. Something of the purity and simplicity of Glück's music, which we thought was forever lost in performance due to the bulging growth of our modern orchestra, was suddenly restored to it. The singers, moreover, performed as though they, too, had caught something of the director's magic —and at least one of them, Miss Lotte Lehmann, revealed herself to be one of the truly great sopranos of our day, with a voice full of tonal richness and pure beauty, and with a musical intelligence deep and discerning.

There was gold, second of all, in three of the orchestral concerts. One was a fascinating Johann Strauss program conducted with zest and intoxication by Clemens Krauss. A second concert was a Beethoven-Bruckner program—consisting of the latter's Fifth Symphony, and the former's Eighth. We realized more forcefully than ever before what a remarkable similarity in style characterized the two composers. Despite all of Bruckner's sickening romantic splurges, he had heroic blood in him, and there are passages in the Fifth Symphony when his music sang with something of Beethoven's grandeur. At a third orchestra concert, Bruno Walter gave an inspired reading of Mahler's "Der Lied von der Erde." One is grateful to him not only for the love and the care he expended upon this imperishable music, but also for his foresight in including Gustav Mahler among the other immortal names in this Festival.

FINALLY, there was the performance of Bruckner's Mass in E Minor, one of the highest peaks of the Salzburg Festival. This performance was of importance not only because of the rarity with which it is given, but also because it is one of the solitary peaks in the choral music of the past half-century. The Mass is music of importance, despite the fact that so many of its pages are ineptly written. Some of its pages may be pusillanimous—one can point to the *Gloria* and the *Credo*. But every once in a while Bruckner rises far above these petty shortcomings. It almost seems that the pen flies out of his hand and is driven by some inexplicable force, so different does the music suddenly become. At such moments he composed the quiet majesty of the *Kyrie*, the heart-breaking pathos of the *Et Incarnatus* and *Agnus Dei*, the exalted serenity of the *Benedictus*. And so one must forgive Bruckner's frequent blunders because, though he may take a circuitous route, he more than once blunders into greatness.

▸▸ The Spotlight on Sports ◂◂

▸▸*Black Saturday*

OCTOBER THE 24th was Black Saturday on the football field. Seventy thousand persons in the Yale Bowl saw Cadet Dick Sheridan of West Point rushed by stretcher bearers to the hospital. His neck had been fractured.

On the same afternoon Jack Grossman, Rutgers captain and crack halfback, suffered a brain concussion in a match with Holy Cross. Grossman was unconscious when admitted to St. Vincent's Hospital, Worcester, but responded to treatment.

Down in New Orleans, meanwhile, Lawrence Clingan of Georgia Tech ruptured his right kidney and John McCorkmick, Tulane guard, broke two ribs. Clingan is in a critical condition. In addition to these four serious injuries, the day produced the usual quota of sprains, bruises and dislocations.

As I write these lines, Cadet Sheridan lies dying in the New Haven Hospital. Should he survive, through some miracle, he would be paralyzed for life from the neck down. His spinal sheath was crushed in several places.

Neither the Army nor the Yale coach saw the last two minutes of that stubborn 6-6 stalemate. Major Ralph Sasse left the field as soon as Captain De Witt, West Point team physician, diagnosed Sheridan's injury as a fractured neck vertebra. The boy's pulse was barely perceptible; his face the color of ashes.

An ominous silence blanketed the Bowl when the stretcher bearers broke into a run with their motionless burden. Those who saw Sheridan's still, white face had a premonition that he was fatally hurt.

Mal Stevens rushed a stretcher from the Eli bench out to where Sheridan lay. Turning the Yale eleven over to Adam Walsh, Stevens rode with Sheridan to the hospital.

The enemies of football will now start a crusade for its abolition. It will weather this ordeal as it has survived many another crisis.

▸▸*Fatal Accidents*

AS A MATTER OF FACT, fatal accidents in football have been amazingly few considering the strenuous character of this bruising game. Annapolis, Georgia and Lehigh are the only major colleges which have had a football player killed in action, aside from West Point. No Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Notre Dame, or Big Ten player has lost his life on the gridiron.

Most football casualties occur in high school games where the players are immature, poorly conditioned and not properly equipped. At major universities the sport is under strict medical supervision. Candidates for the eleven must pass rigid physical tests. A doctor sits on the bench during practice workouts and games. Certainly it is no sport for undeveloped youngsters.

Save for Victor Harding of Harvard, Eddie Hart, 1911 Princeton captain, was the only Big Three player ever to be critically injured. Eddie fractured a bone in his neck, but the spinal cord was not involved. Hart defied the doctors and faced Yale the following season, his neck braced by a steel and leather contraption. The Elis at first feared he might get killed. Before the game was over they were afraid he wouldn't be.

Incongruously enough, the forward pass, which was introduced to open up the game and thus lessen injuries arising from mass play, is now regarded as the most dangerous phase of football. Aerial tactics require a neck-craning posture which frequently leads to spine injuries. Pass receivers and secondary defense men run at top speed with their heads up and their eyes fixed on the flying ball Under such circumstances head-on collisions are inevitable and necks are apt to be jarred severely.

GEORGE TREVOR

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The Week in Business

Confidence Pool Gaining

BUSINESS got three encouraging breaks: improvement in the status of the dollar abroad; an upturn, led by the utility issues, in the domestic bond market; and signs of better days for the languishing copper industry, indicated by firmer prices for the product and slightly higher levels for copper securities.

The outward rush of gold has slowed up appreciably. European bankers seem to have satisfied themselves that our federal reserve is abundantly able to supply whatever gold is needed for export, and foreign attacks on the dollar are rapidly subsiding.

Foreign bonds, as well as many domestic issues, showed increased strength.

The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, offering the railroads half a loaf, was followed by irregular movements in the securities of the carriers. However, many qualified and interested observers, including representatives of savings banks and insurance companies, are inclined to take the position that the Commission made a wise and fair decision. If the railroad operators finally swing around to accept this view, the refilling of the general confidence pool will be still further expedited.

Machines and Business

SHOE LEATHER we used up in ankling through the aisles of the 28th Annual Business Show at Grand Central Palace was well invested. Business machines, we were convinced, are going to play a large part in the quick, clean, efficient operations which will be characteristic of American business as it makes its next big come-back.

There were 110 different exhibitors, and they displayed the largest number of improved office equipment devices that have appeared in any year since 1920. All the new gadgets were there—desks equipped with radio and spinning wheel card systems; new check-writers and high-speed printing and billing machines; and a unit-weight device, determining the numerical quantity of any given amount of items by weighing a few of them. The facilities are ready.

Vagaries—Series 26

OVERSEAS contributions to the Department of Business Oddities continue, and we devote Series 26 to items from Germany, France and Cuba:

1. Exploit of Professor Erwin Bauer, head of the Kaiser William Institute of Breeding Research, who has produced a tobacco plant bearing leaves free from nicotine.

2. Postscript to the French complaints of damage to restaurant table linen by lip rouge. Cups and glasses in Nice were spoiled by users of lipstick, and the Mayor has ordered all restaurant tableware to be cleansed in a powerful disinfectant after each meal.

3. Ingenuity of the unemployed in Havana, where census takers discovered three new "suburbs," with dwellings made of stones and tin cans. One settlement is called "Siberia," one "Isla de Pinos," and the third "Tiburones" ("the Sharks").

FRANK A. FALL.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) October 22—68.5. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) October 22—65.9.
CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended October 10—763,864 cars (reduction of 13,973 under preceding week and of 190,919 under same week of 1930).
STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended October 17—28% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 24% under same week of 1930).
CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended October 17—daily average gross 2,437,000 barrels (increase of 274,300 over preceding week and of 66,250 over same week of 1930).
BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended October 22—$6,484,851,000 (reduction of $93,626,000 under preceding week and of $3,350,080,000 under same week of 1930).
FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended October 22—551 (increase of 19 over preceding week and of 60 over same week of 1930).

Wets Must Become Democrats

(Continued from Page 303)

Gradually even the labels "wet" and "dry," recognized as inaccurate and misleading by those who insist upon a governmental consideration alone, will be replaced by "centralizationist" and "decentralizationist" or some such more useful and accurate titles.

Many dry Democrats and many wet Republicans who observe that their parties are heading off in directions opposite to their desire still futilely hope that the issue can be divorced from politics and can be settled upon a nonpartisan basis. What makes them so childishly hopeful is that they fail to recognize that the wet-dry fight is a contest between two basically opposed theories of government. Full understanding of the constitutional depth of the question will rapidly dissipate this vain hope.

LIKEWISE the partisans of both parties who hoped judicial decision would settle the fight must now begin to realize that this is an unattainable hope. The Supreme Court, of course, can no more quiet the storm and settle the issue than it could settle the slavery issue with the Dred Scott decision. The Court cannot make wets into drys by declaring the Eighteenth Amendment, as it twice has done, constitutional. Nor would any revised personnel within the Court in all probability ever feel justified in reversing itself and declaring the amendment unconstitutional unless and until it becomes apparent from the results of political campaigns that a stubborn entrenched minority of drys are denying from within a few citadels of fanaticism the will of the majority to live a life of their choosing under a government responding to their dictation. But this faint hope of an ultimate judicial relief is predicated upon the necessity to accumulate substantial and insistent political successes, so it can hold out no comfort to the man who would like to hold to both personal prejudice and party preference that have become inconsistent.

STEADILY the conviction is growing even in the minds of those made unhappy by it that the wet-dry question must go the road traveled by every other great issue of America's political history—the broad highway of partisan party politics. The bypaths have proved in this case, as they must always prove, as applied to great national questions under our system of party government, but *culs-*

(Continued on Page 312)

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The Latest Plays

Aren't there *any* American producers who can read an American play and understand it sufficiently to want to put it on unless it has some particularly blatant stunt in it, or aren't there really any good American plays going the rounds of the managers' offices? It begins to look as though the former were the case. If not, it appears to be quite true that our present impresarios think it is safer to produce a third-rate play that has run successfully in Oslo than to gamble on putting on a second-rate native product that has not been acclaimed by the Argentines, Portuguese or the Greeks. As to whether there are any *first*-class American plays unproduced at the moment, I really can't give a positive opinion. Of the new American plays that we have recently seen, only *The House of Connelly* has any real intrinsic merit. The exceptions to my indictment of the selections of overseas drama that have been given us are *Payment Deferred* and *The Unknown Warrior*. One or two others are worth seeing, as good productions only.

The Unknown Warrior, a beautiful translation of Paul Raynal's moving French drama known over there as *Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe*, has been presented in New York in portmanteau style settings for four special matinées only. Any New Yorkers whom my praise may inspire with a desire to see it will have to follow it across the country to colleges and women's clubs. Using only drapery, properties and very crude lighting effects for scenery, Maurice Browne and Rosalinde Fuller contrive—in spite of Daniel Reed's clumsy work in the only other rôle—to give one a clear understanding of the text. They play, respectively, three types, called only The Soldier, His Betrothed and His Father, who represent all soldiers, all young women and all old men in the late war. Each has his strengths and his weaknesses and these are brought out by the crisis. Complete understanding among all three is impossible at any one moment and it is from this that the tragedy arises. The play has little action in the ordinary sense of the word, but a tremendous amount goes on in the characters' minds. This is expressed by the playwright in lines which are, if rhetorical in the approved French fashion, bitterly revealing as delivered by Mr. Browne (producer of *Journey's End* and co-author of *Wings Over Europe)* and Miss Fuller. It is too bad that they could not have found a third actor of equal skill and comprehension. Even so, anyone who happens to come across *The Unknown Warrior* in its travels who cares to *think* about what the great war meant should not fail to go and see it.

The other French play of the week was *The Sex Fable*. The French title is *Le Sexe Faible*, and it must be said that the rest of the translating and adapting was hardly more sprightly. The notion which occurred to M. Edouard Bourdet as material for a comedy is indeed a comic one. A mother has three indolent but otherwise marriageable sons. It is her job and the part-time occupation of the *maitre d'hôtel* of a Paris hostelry (presumably the Ritz) to get them profitably off her hands without their ever having to demean themselves by going to work. Mr. Ronald Squire, the well-known English actor, is admirably suave as the head waiter. Helena d'Algy and Rafael Corio, as two South Americans, show one how much the Latin temperament helps in this sort of comedy. Mrs. Patrick Campbell—yes, *the* Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is playing the second-act character bit that always gets a hand no matter who plays it. The translator, a Miss Jane Hinton, mislaid her blue pencil and Mr. Gilbert Miller, who directed as well as presented *The Sex Fable*, again smothers a light and potentially amusing show with direction without tempo or rhythm and with attention to all the wrong details

Otis Chatfield-Taylor.

Wets Must Become Democrats

(Continued from Page 311)

de-sac. Every year there will be fewer excursions off the main road; every year the force and logic of the need for nation-wide political parties to serve all as the necessary vehicles of expression and organization upon this broad highway will be more and more recognized and accepted.

Accepting this proposition, the remaining question has to do with the existing parties. Will they accommodate themselves to the situation and frame the issue boldly and carry it through faithfully and without evasion and compromise to conclusion? Or will either or both of them falter and, ruined by their own timidity, make room for new and more courageous organizations?

The best guess probably is that the old-line parties going through additional realignment processes will accommodate themselves to this situation and again justify their existence and usefulness under our form of government. The Republican leaders, except in some few isolated spots, seem to be quite willing to stand loyal to their history of developing centralization and their tie-up with the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Prohibition and Public Morals. The Democratic party's action has perhaps been less satisfactory and satisfying. It was equipped by reason of one hundred and forty years of adherence to the doctrine of states' rights to take a sound and courageous wet stand from the very outset. Its infidelity to basic creed was a display of weakness. But the South will not again give serious battle to the doctrine of states' rights. Even their prohibitionists will soon begin to accept state prohibition in place of national prohibition, abandoning their foolish hope of stamping their pattern of morals upon the life and custom of distant neighbors.

It will be a very happy event if the old parties accept unqualifiedly and with partisanship the burden of this issue, for the other alternative of forming new parties would be an Herculean task, would cost large sums of money and would be wasteful in both time and money. It would add probably at least ten years to the fight, and they would be the most costly and wasteful years of the whole struggle. Every day is precious because the people are yearning to rectify this miserable situation of prohibition chaos and corruption. For America to be put to the necessity of creating new

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parties and paying this further hideous price of waste and delay before a solution can be arrived at would indeed be a calamity.

THE only way, of course, of avoiding that delay and waste is to whip the old parties into prompt recognition of their patriotic duty. That should not be difficult. In fact, the major part of the work is already done. The Republicans seem entirely willing to be committed to the dry side. The Democrats, with greater reason to be committed with finality, seem to be moving on towards their inevitable stand less hurriedly. They must be prodded into it promptly. They must make the plunge in 1932. Judging from present indications, it is not likely that they will disappoint us, for the Bishop Cannons are not going to have much weight in the Democratic convention next year.

With the force of organized dry strategy and tyranny thus broken, the South will find itself and promptly and comfortably regain its old-time Jeffersonian footing.

With each of the old parties definitely committed to the two respective sides, the fight will move fast. Then, if the Anti-Saloon League stays in politics, it must be an adjunct of the Republican party and must be shorn of its past practices of spying and infiltration within the enemy's lines. Then, if the Association Against The Prohibition Amendment continues, it must of necessity be a part of the Democratic party and it need no longer impair its efficiency by keeping up a vain struggle to be non-partisan. The ripping and tearing through party lines, the breakdown of old alignments, will progress at a dizzy rate of speed. Surprises will be the order of the day. Bitterness will be rampant. Politicians will be guillotined in wholesale lots. A new generation will take the reins of government.

BUT the struggle to return America to her sacred right of true constitutional democracy will have been shortened by years. Tolerance will speedily win over fanaticism, regulation will soon supersede corruption and hypocrisy, good economics will replace waste and once again America will possess its right of self-government and its citizens their liberty. With that accomplished the wet Republican converts to Democracy will have done their work and can return to the party of perpetual prosperity unless perchance Claudius Huston or Bishop Cannon have lost all the party's assets, its worldly goods.

The New Movies

PARIS.

IN ONE of the little booths in the Montparnasse railway station, selling toys and candy bars to commuters, stands every day from seven a. m. to nine p. m. Georges Méliès, a dignified and venerable Frenchman who was once at the head of the French motion picture industry. Furthermore, Méliès was the very first producer, anywhere in the world, to use actors, painted sets and artificial lighting, and to attempt actual narratives. From 1896 to 1914 both France and America saw hundreds of his films. With the War he lost his fortune and went out like a light—but today he wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor—for having been the first to transform a scientific invention into an entertainment. Today several agencies are at work to get him a pension.

George Méliès specialized in trick photography, and in so doing developed most of the processes in use today. He was making closeups in 1896, twelve years ahead of D. W. Griffith, and for subject matter he turned to *Gulliver's Travels*, Jules Verne's stories and his own lively imagination. In many of his films he not only did all the technical work, but took the leading rôle. By 1905 he was coloring all his films by hand, employing some eighty women for that purpose. This made them cost about five pre-war francs a metre—but it was worth it. In 1907-8 he had "talking" films, achieved by actors stationed behind the screen and speaking their lines through pieces of netting. Perhaps his most spectacular film was *The Impossible Voyage* in which, by means of models, he depicted a flight to the moon. In America hundreds of his pictures had the trademark removed and were shown widely by other producers. They say that old Sigmund Lubin, caught red-handed by Méliès' brother (who was his agent in America), said, "You have no idea how much trouble I've had with this picture, Mr. Méliès—getting the trademark off!" In fact, ethics were in such an elementary stage in the early days that Pathé used to print its rooster not simply on the titles—but on every scene. Once they made a Life of Christ with the rooster sitting in on the crucifixion.

It now seems likely that we may see some of these old films again. A quantity have turned up in a New York warehouse, and two or three American movie magnates have been to see Méliès about them. I should think they would be fascinating.

Worth Seeing

DREYFUS CASE: France's old treason trial made into a forceful film drama. In English.

FIVE STAR FINAL: The pink and peach colored newspapers come in for some scorching blasts. Edward G. Robinson as the managing editor.

THE GUARDSMAN: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in expert light entertainment.

MONKEY BUSINESS: The Marx brothers tearing about, upsetting things and being wildly amusing.

STREET SCENE: Swift drama of life and death in a crowded New York apartment house. A fine job by King Vidor.

European Notes

This correspondent's personal collection of Mickey Mouseana now includes *Les Aventures de Mickey*, a child's book in French; a piece of German sheet music called *Der Original Micky Maus Foxtrot—Schlager;* a small wooden Mickey Mouse with decidedly Germanic features, and, best of all—trust the French—a wool-felt-and-wire statuary group depicting Mickey and Minnie *and* Minnie's babe in arms.

While some of the bigger theatres in Europe are comfortable enough, the majority of the seats are hard, hard wood, the ventilation is bad and the toilet facilities preposterous. In fact, the Paris Paramount is probably the only theatre (or opera house) in Europe in which the men's lavatories are not haunted by grim old ladies in black, who demand tips of all comers.

CREIGHTON PEET.

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The New Books

The Week's Reading

The Sword of God: Jeanne d'Arc
By Guy Endore
Farrar & Rhinehart, $3.50

I do not know whether they have all been counted, but I am quite sure that no less than 3000 books have been published on the life, trial and death of Joan of Arc. Mr. Endore seems to have read and absorbed them all. I doubt whether, like Anatole France, he had a Jean Jacques Rousseau to do the dirty work of research for him. Certainly his delight in his research is patent enough. Now you would expect a note of iconoclasm from a young man writing in 1931 about Joan of Arc, but what iconoclasm there is in this book is directed chiefly in the controversial section against the iconoclasts, that is, against such as France himself who have attempted to explain away the Maid. Like the case of the two negatives making a positive, this book represents the case of a double iconoclasm reaching the conclusion of faith. In brief, this book is closer to beatification than to psychoanalysis. The miracles are not denied, they are not explained on a rationalistic, materialist basis. Joan is not explained as the first feminist, as Shaw has done, nor is she confined, for the slightest period, in the literary psychiatric ward of a Dr. MacLaurin. This does not mean that Mr. Endore is a modern throwback to the state of mind of an obscurantist mediæval monk; he does not accept every reported miracle. Out of a brief life composed of a tangle of fact and legend, he has composed a biographical pattern, defined, in his own words, in the following manner:

"This is the tale of Jeanne d'Arc according to all the documents concerning her that have come down to us. The miracles recorded in these ancient manuscripts have been faithfully transcribed here. Those that were omitted were set aside as artistically unfitted. What I have striven to do is to tell the story in its most beautiful form without regard to the possibility of its ever having happened in just the manner recorded here, in short, without any regard at all to our latest theories as to just how things happen. . . .

"In short, if you will have it baldly, I did what I listed, picked whatever pleased my taste for truth and beauty and thus formed my biography. How now shall I defend myself?

"It will not be difficult. For . . . . I am prepared to argue whatever statements I have made. I am prepared to show documentary and logical proof for them. I am prepared to show that I am not alone in my belief, I am in fact prepared to defend my Jeanne as the only possible and reasonable Jeanne!"

Mr. Endore has sensibly divided his book into two parts; in the first, the story; in the second, the discussion. After telling the story, in 320 pages, he takes another 150 to defend his Jeanne, indicate his sources, point out the manner in which they support his conception, and belabor those whose Jeannes are simply projections of anti-Catholic, or pro-rationalistic conceptions of history. The book is a marvel of patient scholarship, but a marvel rather for wonder than for delight.

HARRY SALPETER.

Alfred de Musset
By Henry Dwight Sedgwick
Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00

At the age of four, De Musset fell in love with a grown cousin. About to leave him once she said, "Don't forget me." He replied: "Forget you? Your name is cut into my heart with a knife!" De Musset died in 1857, age forty-six. Even with a few years subtracted from the end, when his liaison resistance was worn down through unrelieved dalliance, he had forty years for women; and he drank like a fish if a fish really drank. He was wholly undependable as a public servant, except for the fact that as a librarian he wrote good books on his own account, and he lived in constant fear of being locked up in an insane asylum. The question arises then, why should a man of Mr. Sedgwick's distinction take the time to write a book with De Musset as its hero and a depressed people as his own public? Are we living in a bull market for mistresses, or is the XVIII Amendment noble for literary motivation? All such love affairs as the one between De Musset and George Sand are alike—the protagonists meet, flirt, love, fight, separate, worry, repent, and write. It should no longer be able to interest people in the deliria of a drinker. The chapter dealing with De Musset's real friends goes largely to an account of what might be called the precocious remarks of the poet's dogs. It is just barely possible that De Musset loved dogs because he knew they would never write reviews of his books. The whole case is highly enlightening. To read this splendid book is to read of the origins of poetry. Out of De Musset's life and loves came his works. He was one of France's dozen or so really high-grade writers; Heinrich Heine was one of the first to say this, and everybody, including Frenchmen, has repeated the judgment. A poem is born of the same lust, love, travail, mid-wifery, immodesty and suffering that precede the birth of a child. The normal man, the smooth-going fellow of unctuous righteousness, can no more expect a De Musset to follow in his course than we can expect a coal miner to manicure his nails. In De Musset the extremes touched—out of suffering came joy to the creator, and to the few who appreciate creators. In speaking of De Musset's *Contes*, Mr. Sedgwick says he was a "novelist of short stories." That is good. But the best expression in the entire study is one of De Musset's own. There was a quarrel on as to whether Rachel could or could not act. De Musset said she could, and backed his beliefs with this observation:

What to Read

FICTION

Sparks Fly Upward, by Oliver LaFarge: Houghton Mifflin. Love, revolution and caste-conflict in Central America; by the author of Laughing Boy.
Night at Lost End, by George Agnew Chamberlain: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. A credible and exciting romantic mystery.
American Beauty, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. A story of early Colonial settlement, its growth, decay, and final replacement by the new order.
First Person Singular, by Somerset Maugham: Doubleday, Doran. Worldly and brilliant short stories.
Finch's Fortune, by Mazo de la Roche; Little, Brown. The third book about the Whiteoaks family of Jalna.

NON-FICTION

The Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown. The growth and prospects of the American dream; an interpretation of the rise of American civilization.
Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw, A Correspondence: Putnam. Interesting, charming, witty.
Savage Paradise, by Margaret Matches: Century. An American girl in New Guinea; something really different in a travel book.
America Weighs Her Gold, by James Harvey Rogers: Yale University Press. For those who want a clear explanation of the effect of the gold supply on economic problems today.
Mahatma Gandhi at Work, edited by C. F. Andrews: Macmillan. The second volume of Gandhi's autobiography, giving a complete view of the man and his philosophy.

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"My intelligence may adopt a wrong opinion, but when my emotions are stirred I am not mistaken." That deserved fuller development; and were the policy widely adopted there would be less pose in book reviewing. Mr. Sedgwick contends that it is impossible to understand De Musset without understanding George Sand. He has related the incidents of the Sand affair with great dignity and with much gallantry toward the lady. He has told of all the other De Musset amours with equal refinement. He quotes the poet sparingly but with excellent judgment and follows each original with a translation. He praises but little; he looks to the reader to furnish the praise that is denoted by stirred emotions. The book is written in a style that pleases without misleading; it is based on facts that fail to dupe or cozen. There are 343 pages in all, not counting a score of quite exquisite illustrations.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

Broome Stages
By Clemence Dane
Doubleday, Doran, $3.00

This is far the most extensive and absorbing novel Miss Dane has written since her *Regiment of Women* (1917) and the popular appeal is distinctly stronger than in that story. Every one likes to read about the stage and behind the scenes into the actors' life. Miss Dane's knowledge of the theatre as a playwriter and a student of the drama is extensive, and she uses it effectively. Indeed, this imaginary stage dynasty of actors, managers and dramatists are shown as always with the family intensity and passion, storming, fighting one another, brilliant, tempestuous and reckless, all the way down from Queen Anne's time to the silver screen of our day. A boy called Dick Broome, because he made and sold brooms, fell through the roof of a barn onto the stage of a strolling troupe of players; and thence down to the movies in London and New York, the Broomes are always in the foreground of the theatrical world.

The skill and art with which the transitions are effected are remarkable. Broomes come and go in the story; but always there is forward movement and always there are startling incidents and strange surprises—the suicide of Robert Broome in the theatre after his son William had almost literally driven him off the stage; the elopement of Edmund Broome with Elinor (whom he had known three or four days) half an hour before her wedding was to take place; the mystery of Edmund's parentage—a surprise so artfully managed that the solution startles the reader; the expulsion of an actress from a Broome stage because she was discovered to be the bad wife of the Broome who wrote the play; and many other sensational happenings. Whatever else the book is, it certainly is not dull. It is one of the few stories whose great length is an asset.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

Their Fathers' God
By O. E. Rolvaag
Harper, $2.50

In *Giants in the Earth* and *Peder Victorious* Mr. Rölvaag wrote of the struggles and achievements of pioneers in the northwest; and now in *Their Fathers' God*—a novel about the second generation—he continues his powerful drama of the pioneer spirit.

When Peder Holm, a Lutheran Norwegian, marries an Irish Catholic he becomes involved in a peculiarly American problem—the problem of the social readjustment in a new country of people with widely different racial inheritances. With the courageous and enterprising spirit of his forbears Peder faces society, determined to subdue such malignant forces as prejudice and stupidity. When the book closes he is no longer the impulsive and immature young man who blundered into an impossible marriage. He has acquired from experience a greater power to discriminate between illusion and reality.

This novel, like Mr. Rölvaag's earlier ones, displays an extraordinary zest for life, and is rich in those moods and emotions which arouse in us the deepest responses.

ROSALIND LEALE.

The Lady Who Came to Stay
By R. E. Spencer
Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50

Ghost stories have, more often than not, a sharp clutch upon the imagination. This is probably akin to the groping after the unattainable which fills so large a part in the mind's life. Yet most ghost stories hinge upon a ghoulish climax, a trick to make your blood creep, a histrionic moment left forever unexplained. Here, on the contrary, in this first novel of Mr. Spencer's, you have ghosts who are valid, who are, over and above their tenuous, frail presences, psychologically actual. You can take them for symbols of immortality. You can take them for the implied influences of heredity and environment. Or you can meet them face to face, on their own footing, as the returned spirits of the dead. A lady, Katherine, stricken in mid-career with a mortal ailment and newly widowed, brings Mary, her child, to stay with her husband's sisters. In the silence, the gloom and the bottled routine of this house, there is, at least, security. The four old maids who inhabit it, who, if they do not awaken it, somehow give it an echo of life, these four upright, lonely, unbeautiful creatures accept Katherine and the child with an unbroken front, a

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reserve beyond which to penetrate proves perilous. The thrust and ebb of these lives, mouldering within dark walls, yet furiously, avidly eking adventure from such meagre scope, beat on your mind with an inexorable reality. Mr. Spencer's writing is almost weirdly sensitive. But the impetus behind it is no thin, delicate apology for vitality. Power lies beneath his half-implied phrases and his partially defined suggestions. *The Lady Who Came To Stay* will linger as surely in your memory as the gray, troubled waters of the ocean continue to beat against the sand.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Behind the Blurbs

Witchcraft, Magic and Alchemy
By Grillot de Givry
Houghton Mifflin, $10.00

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AN AMUSING new fortune-telling book is *My Heavens!*, which contains simple instructions for charting the horoscope of your friends, and rules for interpreting them. We discovered that, with the sun in Capricorn at the time of our birth, we "are not naturally gay and carefree, and the atmosphere surrounding us should be as cheerful as possible." We intend to take this up with the Editor, suggesting that he move us to a large sunny office, and perhaps install a radio and an electric refrigerator. Since the sun was in Aquarius at the time of his birth, he "has a natural love of his fellow man, regardless of class or station in life," and we are therefore confident that he will have it done. Our horoscope casts a doubt here, though, for being a child of the goat, we "are apt to be misunderstood." We have noticed that—particularly in our little jokes. However—"we are generally in control of ourself." That, we think, is true. We seldom lose control except when reading Arthur Brisbane or listening to Graham MacNamee.

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T. R. and the Bosses

(Continued from Page 307)

African proverb: 'Speak softly and carry a big stick, you will go far'."

Three possible paths to the presidential nomination in 1904 opened before Roosevelt while he was governor of New York. One was to seek reëlection. The second was to achieve appointment as Secretary of War under McKinley. The third, and in Roosevelt's mind the least promising, was the vice presidential nomination.

Public comment on Roosevelt's presidential aspirations started in March, 1899, to the annoyance of the party leaders pledged to a renomination for McKinley. Mr. Depew said in May that the President was certain to be named and that Roosevelt did not want the vice presidency. He would continue as governor of New York for two more years, "but look out for him in 1904 . . . . there will be a regular Roosevelt deluge." Depew did not hint that Platt might refuse to tolerate another term at Albany for Roosevelt.

Roosevelt did not deceive himself about 1900. He told Lodge in April, 1899, that McKinley would be chosen. In June, however, he attended a Rough Rider reunion in New Mexico and was astonished at the throngs which greeted him "exactly as if I had been a presidential candidate." Mark Hanna, a little worried, said that Roosevelt had made a fine governor, "but he is working too hard . . . . he is too ambitious." The National Chairman, hoping that this might put an end to the presidential talk, said that the governor of New York deserved another term.

Roosevelt had enough consideration for McKinley to issue a statement when he returned from the West. He was not a candidate for President, he said. Every one he had seen on his trip was behind McKinley; his renomination was assured. This relieved the tension at the White House, but it was bad political strategy for Roosevelt to withdraw. He might have had any post he desired had he refrained from speaking out. As it was, he soon found himself being maneuvered toward the vice presidency.

In July, 1899, Lodge analyzed possible programs which would bring victory in 1904. Two years more as governor had much to be said for it, the flaw being that the term would end in 1902 with the national convention still two years off. The ideal solution, Lodge felt, was for Roosevelt to become Secretary of War, where "your services will make you President without serious opposition." But this hope vanished when McKinley, who had finally nerved himself to request Alger's resignation, appointed Elihu Root. The third possibility was the vice presidency. Lodge did not agree that this was a blind alley: "I have thought it over a great deal and I am sure I am right."

Roosevelt was puzzled. He had preferred the War Department. He recognized the disadvantages in another term as governor. He replied that he was aware that his hold on the voters was "entirely ephemeral" and could hardly last until 1904. He was inclined, although his wife disagreed, to share Lodge's belief that the vice presidency offered the best chance. A fourth possibility arose during the winter of 1899-1900. Lodge asked the President whether Roosevelt might not be appointed Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands. But McKinley answered, diplomatically, that it would not be wise to have Roosevelt in a non-military post while Aguinaldo remained uncaptured.

THE winter was one of indecision. The death of Vice-President Hobart in November, 1899, increased the demand that Roosevelt add his popular strength to the national ticket. On January 27, 1900, Lodge remarked with faint asperity that it was time for him to make up his mind. By February Platt was joining in the chorus, and Roosevelt, suspicious that he was being placed on the political shelf by his enemies in New York, started to back away. "I would greatly rather be anything, say a professor of history . . . ." he told Platt. At about the same time he protested that his finances would not permit acceptance. Besides, he added with honesty, it would be "too harrowing" to preside at senatorial debates and be foreclosed from retorting when foolish ideas were advanced.

Roosevelt thereupon announced that he would not accept the nomination if it was offered. His statement of February 6, 1900, was as conclusive as such a statement could be, although he later denied that he had closed the door. ". . . . It is proper for me *to state definitely that under no circumstances* could I or would I," he said, "accept the nomination for the vice presidency . . . . My duty is here in the state whose people chose me to be governor."

"I am happy to state," he added, "that Senator Platt cordially acquiesces in my views in the matter."

If Roosevelt really believed that Platt agreed, he was mistaken. Lem Quigg,

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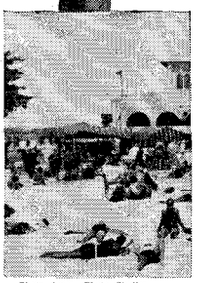

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who often thought aloud for the boss, said on the same day that nation-wide sentiment would make it impossible for Roosevelt to decline. He was blandly certain that Platt wanted to retain the governor, but Roosevelt would be called to higher things despite the desires of the organization. During the fortnight which followed, Roosevelt continued his demand for a renomination and learned that this was improbable. Discouragement overcame him again. He told his sister that "Cabot . . . . the dear old goose" actually regarded him as a presidential possibility. Alas, he knew better.

As THE national convention, due to open in Philadelphia on June 19, approached, Roosevelt's resolution faltered. If you go as a delegate, Lodge warned, you will be nominated. "I would be looked upon as a coward if I didn't go," Roosevelt answered, and permitted himself to be chosen as a delegate-at-large. "By the way," he wrote on April 23, 1900, "I did *not* say that I would not under any circumstances accept the vice presidency." His preference was still to be governor of New York for the next two years, but he was also afraid that he might be retired to private life. His friends, meanwhile, saw him being forced into an office which meant the end of presidential dreams; no vice president had ever been elected to the presidency.

The Republican National Convention of 1900 had been called to order at 12:30 o'clock with the usual formalities. Then, "just a little late," as Mark Hanna was thumping for order, a burly figure strode down the aisle toward the New York delegation. He was wearing the wide-brimmed black hat which had attracted attention during his campaign for governor. Its similarity to the campaign hat of a Rough Rider was obvious and Wayne MacVeagh, who had been Attorney-General under Garfield, looked at it with amusement.

"Gentlemen," he whispered to his neighbors, "that's an Acceptance Hat."

He did not even remove his hat during the long two minutes while he made his way toward his seat. He froze into military immobility, the hat against his heart, as the band struck up the national anthem. But on the platform a smile on the round face of Mark Hanna faded. A strange clairvoyance, a foreboding, apparently worried the national chairman at Philadelphia.

Roosevelt's perplexities were unending. Would Boss Platt, at the last moment, push forward Odell and deny him even the vice presidency? Would he then be denied a second term as governor? There were indications that some such plot was in the air. Before the delegation left New York, Odell had intimated that he would not refuse to run with McKinley. On reaching Philadelphia, Platt denied any intention of pushing Roosevelt against his will; Odell would "fill the place to a dot." On the other hand, from Western delegations knowing nothing of the conspiracies behind the scenes, came demands that Roosevelt bow to the will of the people and accept the nomination. Under the strain, Roosevelt was ferocious in private—". . . . Really, I was never easy to force"—and cautious in public.

The phrases which marked another declination were: "I appreciate all this to the full . . . ," "I understand the high honor and dignity of the office . . . . an office so high and so honorable . . . . well worthy the ambition of any man in the United States." Roosevelt felt, however, that his "best usefulness to the public and to the party" lay in his renomination as governor. He asked that "every friend of mine in the convention respect my wish and judgment in this matter." "Sunny Jim" Sherman, who was one day to accept a vice presidential nomination himself, and Lucius N. Littauer, a New York delegate, chuckled as they read this, the utterance of a practical politician.

"It's a cinch," said Sherman. "All we have to do is go ahead and nominate him."

Roosevelt was nominated for the vice presidency, against his faltering will, because Matt Quay nursed a grudge against Mark Hanna. Quay detested Hanna because the Ohio senator had, in 1899, blocked his admission to the Senate. He waited anxiously for revenge, and his chance came when he perceived Mark Hanna's alarm over Roosevelt. The attack was launched on June 20, the second day of the convention. Quay must have been quietly amused when he arose from the Pennsylvania delegation to suggest an amendment to the rules. He proposed that state representation at national conventions be based on the size of the Republican vote in the latest election. This was an ancient proposal, never taken seriously, which would have stripped Southern Republican leaders of their power. It would have eliminated the Negro delegates who adorn every Republican gathering. It was a step toward honesty in politics, a consummation in which Quay was wholly uninterested. His purpose was not misinterpreted. This was a blow at Mark Hanna, who controlled the Southern delegates. The excitement was intense as the clerk read Quay's motion. Southern leaders climbed to their chairs and shrieked for recognition. Then the Pennsylvania boss suggested that discussion be delayed for a day or two.

HANNA knew that it was the end. He was already irritated by McKinley's refusal to interfere in the contest for vice-president. When the convention recessed, the delegates from the South flocked to the headquarters of the National Chairman to ask what the amendment meant. They said, as Hanna knew they would, that Quay had promised to withdraw it if they swung their support to Roosevelt. Hanna could do nothing except bluster and surrender.

"Don't any of you realize," he demanded, his forebodings returning in full force, "that there's only one life between this madman and the White House?" Platt and Quay were idiots, he said. Roosevelt could do no comparable harm as governor of New York. That evening, however, the National Chairman called in the correspondents and told them that Roosevelt would be nominated. Next morning, June 21, Quay abandoned his momentary advocacy of honesty and withdrew his resolution.

Nothing marred the harmony of the day. McKinley was unanimously nominated, with Roosevelt making one of the seconding speeches. This was followed immediately by the nomination for vice president.

Mark Hanna, making the best of a defeat which had been a blow to his prestige, informed Roosevelt that the main burden of the campaign would fall

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of November 7, 1951

Major and Mrs. Cholmondeley Tubbs, of Hillsdale, N. J., proudly showed reporters a personal letter just received from King Edward VIII of England congratulating them on their silver wedding celebrated last week. Their seven sons, Edward, Albert, Christian, George, Andrew, Patrick and David, were named after the former Prince of Wales, who was a companion in arms in 1914-18 of Major Tubbs.

It was revealed this week that the heretofore anonymous donor of $7,000,000 to the Art Institute of Chicago was Herman T. Oppen, the aged philanthropist, whose fortune was founded in 1930 when he was president of the Oppen Red Ink Manufacturing & Sales Corporation.

An amendment to the Pure Foods Act, sponsored by the Restaurant and Hotel Managers' Association, will be offered in the next session of Congress making it a misdemeanor to describe as a "cocktail" any appetizer with less than a 10 per cent alcoholic content.

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on his shoulders. The President would make an address or two from his home at Canton. The arduous work of crusading in doubtful states would be done by the candidate for vice president. Roosevelt assured the National Chairman that he was "as strong as a Bull Moose and you can use me up to the limit." He felt distaste, however, for appearing as "a second-class Bryan," and he doubted the wisdom of too many speeches.

In July, 1900, he told Spring-Rice of his anxiety to "prevent the throwing over of this government by Bryan and his followers." A month later he was frightened by his belief that on the side of Bryan had gathered " . . . . all the lunatics, all the idiots, all the knaves, all the cowards, and all the honest people who are slow-witted." Roosevelt apparently feared that this constituted a majority of his fellow citizens. A Messianic urge again gripped him and gave him strength to indulge in one of the most vigorous campaigns in the annals of presidential circuses. On one tour, alone, toward the end of the drive, he visited twenty-four states and made 673 speeches in 567 towns and cities. He travelled 21,209 miles and 3,000,000 people saw and heard him.

A good deal of doubt existed as to the "paramount issue" of the campaign. To Mark Hanna it was the "Full Dinner Pail." To Bryan it was imperialism and legislation against the trusts. To the die-hards among the silver enthusiasts of the West it was the bondage of a gold currency. To Roosevelt the paramount issue was the depravity of those who disagreed with the Republican Administration. The vice presidential nominee's party shared his apprehensions over the outcome. Senator Hanna was constantly insisting that danger lay in over-confidence and pointed to "general apathy" in the East. Roosevelt was afraid that the voters were "busy and prosperous" and so would not perceive the danger. On the other hand, the prosperity so proudly claimed was more apparent than real.

The exertion of this campaign proved too much for the constitution of even a Bull Moose, and by the middle of October Roosevelt was complaining that his voice was giving out, that he felt like "a football man who has gone stale." There were other irritations. He was criticized for neglecting his duties as governor of New York.

The reward of his zeal was victory on November 6. The McKinley-Roosevelt ticket received 292 electoral votes to 155 for Bryan. The plurality was 849,000, the largest since 1872.

Roosevelt found it difficult to be too elated over the result. Cynicism was a mental vice which he deplored, and which rarely overcame him, but there is a trace of it in a letter to Root in December. He was inviting the Secretary of War to attend a dinner in honor of J. P. Morgan:

> . . . . I hope you can come to my dinner to J. Pierpont Morgan. You see, it represents an effort on my part to become a conservative man in touch with the influential classes and I think I deserve encouragement. Hitherto I have given dinners only to professional politicians or more or less wild-eyed radicals. Now I am at work endeavoring to assume the vice-presidential pose . . . .

The Senate was in session from March 5, 1901, to March 9, to pass upon presidential appointments and this, although a debate or two on other matters took place, was the only official business. Vice President Roosevelt had absorbed a little parliamentary law in the New York legislature, but he was nervous about his ability as presiding officer of this august assemblage. For several days prior to assuming his new duties he pored over back files of the *Congressional Record*, and on March 4 a clerk was at his side to prompt him. On one of the first motions, Roosevelt revealed his innate belief that Democrats were fundamentally obstructionists. "All in favor will say Aye," he called, bowing in the direction of the Republican members. Then, while the Senate chuckled audibly, he turned toward the Democrats: "All those opposed say No," he added.

Fortunately, when the Senate convened again, Roosevelt was President of the United States. Even the kindly Depew felt that he lacked the necessary "impartiality, equable temper, and knowledge of parliamentary law."

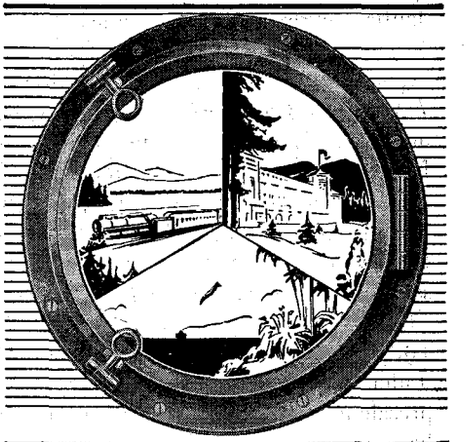
The summer of 1901 was rather dull, the principal diversion being a trip to Colorado in August on which the cheers for Roosevelt were encouraging. In May he attended the opening of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, New York, and spoke on the probable blessings of the new century. President McKinley, who was to visit the Exposition in September, sent a message expressing his hope for its success.

"May there be no cloud," he telegraphed, "on this grand festival of peace and commerce."

On September 6, in the Temple of Music where this message had been read, McKinley was shot twice by Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist. He died in Buffalo in the early morning of September 14.

Roosevelt, on September 6, was attending an outing of the Vermont Fish and Game League on the Isle La Motte in Lake Champlain. The shock of the

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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CONDITIONS OF THE *REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST*

☆☆☆☆☆☆

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

news must have swept aside consideration of its momentous meaning to his own career. On the trip across the lake to the train someone was so *gauche* as to remark that he might, at any moment, become President of the United States. Roosevelt rebuked this with the answer that everyone would think only of the stricken Chief Executive. The single letter which has survived shows that Roosevelt was really grief-stricken. He had forgotten the days when he had referred to McKinley in terms of contempt and had charged him with having a chocolate éclair for a backbone.

McKinley, who had been taken to a private home, had rallied after the first day and optimistic reports were issued by the surgeons on September 9. On the following day the vice president left Buffalo as an assurance to the nation that the danger had passed. He was to join his family in a remote part of the Adirondack Mountains near Mount Tahawus. Before leaving, however, Roosevelt left his itinerary with Ansley Wilcox, at whose residence he had been staying in Buffalo.

Some time after midnight on the morning of Friday, September 13, Mr. Wilcox was awakened by a messenger. The President was worse, much worse, he was told. Roosevelt must be summoned immediately. Within two hours a courier had started from Albany, but when he arrived at the Tahawus Club he found that Roosevelt had left to spend the day mountain climbing. It was late that afternoon before the vice president began his descent and met a guide who had started up with telegrams. Then came a wild ride of fifty miles on a buckboard to the nearest railroad station, where another special train waited. All of that day, as the messages to Roosevelt must have made clear, there had been no hope that McKinley could live. At 2:15 o'clock on Saturday morning, September 14, 1901, while his hack careened on toward the mountain railroad station, Roosevelt became President of the United States. He boarded the train at dawn, learning that the President was dead.

HE REACHED Buffalo at 1:30 o'clock the next afternoon and was driven to the house where McKinley's body lay. Again, he was deeply affected by the tragedy. An hour and a half later the oath of office was administered at the Wilcox home. The house had been dismantled for the summer and in the library, where the small group gathered, the chairs were still covered with draperies. Except for Secretary of State Hay and Secretary of the Treasury Gage, all the members of McKinley's Cabinet were present. Secretary of War Root addressed the new President and asked that the oath of office be taken at once.

Roosevelt's face was nearly expressionless. His eyes were fixed straight ahead. He bowed to the Secretary of War and spoke in the crisp, staccato sentences which already were so familiar.

"I am at one mind with the members of the Cabinet," he said. "I will show the people at once that the administration of the Government will not falter in spite of the terrible blow . . . I wish to say that it shall be my aim to continue, absolutely unbroken, the policy of President McKinley for the peace, the prosperity, and the honor of our beloved country."

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In his vigorous handling of the anthracite coal strike, as revealed next week, Roosevelt was prepared to have the army operate the mines, as described in the next installment. T. R. is revealed in one of his most tempestuous times in the White House, always carrying the "big stick" but not always speaking softly

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